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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

In most cases, what a contrast there is between the scenes depicted in a fiction and those amid which it was conceived and executed! What visions of magnificence have arisen in the dimly lighted garret, whose bare windows and white-washed walls have become, as it were, clothed in purple and gold! What dreams of love have emanated from a heart and home alike lonely! How often has the singing silence of some forest glade—how often the soft shadows that sweep over sunny fields, the bright flowers freshening with a sudden shower—how often have these sprung into the vivid painting of words, when the dull slated roofs have shut out every green thing, and the sky has lost its aerial element, seen only through the day's collected horizon of dust and of smoke! It is rare that the writer, in depicting the varied shapes of loveliness, does more than

"Look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

The ideal and the actual do not often agree. In the work before us, the impression was received and conveyed on the very spot which its pages people and depict. It was beneath the kindling skies, whose warmth is in the coloured creations—it was amid that buried city, to whose remains such reality has been given, that Mr. Bulwer traced the *Last Days of Pompeii*. The past has been conjured out of the present.

The period he has chosen appears to us well adapted for the purposes of romance. Knowledge and ignorance, scepticism and superstition, civilisation and barbarity, were singularly blended: the gods were doubted and the sorcerer believed. There was that magnificence which belongs to the earth's earlier history, and that luxury which appertains to refinement. Then, too, was commencing that enthusiastic struggle, by whose power Christianity finally triumphed over the interests, the passions, and the moral darkness of the pagan faith. The martyr and the epicurean belonged to the same time, and originated in the same circumstances; upon ordinary existence there was moreover flung a tinge of poetry. The fine arts communicated something of their own essence, and the picturesque blended with the sensual in a style that was peculiar to the Greek and to the Roman. The chaplet of roses that bound the brow of the feaster, the flowers that were flung on the purple tide that filled the graceful vase, the music that mingled with perfume in the painted halls, the poetry familiar to every ear, the statues whose perfect mould has never yet been equalled, the pictures that crowded the walls,—all these gave a grace to their day, to which distance has lent only an added enchantment. And here Mr. Bulwer has avoided an error into which a less thoughtful reader would have fallen. He has flung its full illusion over the scene—the

myrtle is wreathed and the lute is heard; but we never lose sight of the vices of such a social system, when the many were sacrificed to the few, and when higher hopes and generous feelings were all but lost in enervating corruption, and the savage selfishness which especially marks the oppressed and the oppressor: the sybarite and the slave are companions. Another common error of those who ask of research the facts necessary to give character to their conceptions, is overlaying the story with descriptions, and of dressing instead of delineating their *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Bulwer has not taxed his memory instead of his imagination: he has given enough of costume, and, if we may use the phrase, of scene-painting, to make the story characteristic; but he has not forgotten his creations in his classics—there is still human nature, though in another garb and clime. It is a maxim of ours never to analyse a narrative: we hold it to be literary homicide, and that we have no more right to take the life of a story than of an individual. We will therefore content ourselves by saying, that the tale is as interesting in its progress as it is unexpected in its dénouement. We will rather dwell upon some of the actors; and among these the foremost is Arbaces, the Egyptian. This man is a fine, bold conception, powerfully worked out. One sentence sums up so much of his nature—"the conscience of Arbaces was solely of the intellect." He feels his own superiority, he desires to use that superiority as power: give him favourable circumstance, and an open field, and the world is over-mastered by a Mahomet or a Napoleon. But here such a spirit is drawn, cabined and confined. With no external impetus to good, the whole mental machinery is addressed to evil. Denied the sway, the aim is directed to influence; and pleasure, at once despised and desired, is the ultimatum of existence. Worse than an infidel—a profaner of the religion to which he belongs—he has yet his own superstition: he believes in those starry portents to which himself gives interpretation. Herein is shewn true knowledge of human nature—a man of great powers needs some belief, were it but to account for himself. The human mind never devised a more imaginative or picturesque faith than that which placed its bright belief in the stars. It was a strange and poetical elevation of our destiny, to deem it inscribed in the shining planets of the midnight. Of a totally different order—one of the most delicate and touching creatures that the fancy of the poet ever "gently bodied forth"—is the blind girl Nydia: from the first to the last we are filled with the softest pity. She is an orphan, stolen from a country whose sunshine she remembers, and a mother for whom she vainly pines. A slave, subjected to the most cruel treatment, she is first brought before us surrounded by all that can awaken an almost painful pity: from this miserable state she is released by the Athenian hero; but it is to learn a yet keener suffering. She loves her benefactor, with that

wild and passionate love known only to the unhappy and the solitary. The unhappy cling with earnestness to any illusion that carries them out of themselves: the imagination is ever most active in sorrow, while solitude exaggerates every feeling which enters its domain of shadows. The good and evil in such a being—all impulse, and acting solely under such sudden and violent influences—is finely discriminated. The following is one of those remarks which when we meet them make us pause and think "how true this is!"

"The lessons of adversity are not always salutary—sometimes they soften and amend, but as often they indurate and pervert. If we consider ourselves more harshly treated by fate than those around us, and do not acknowledge in our own deeds the equity of the severity, we become too apt to deem the world our enemy, to case ourselves in defiance, to wrestle against our softer self, and to indulge the darker passions, which are so easily fermented by the sense of injustice."

The character of Arbaces is well contrasted with Olinthus, the fiery proselyte and steadfast martyr to the cause of infant Christianity. We will give his brief but powerful sketch:—

"But the Nazarene was one of those hardy, vigorous, and enthusiastic men, among whom God in all times has worked the revolutions of earth, and above all, whether in the establishment, whether in the reformation, of His own religion, who were formed to convert, because formed to endure—men whom nothing discourages, nothing daims: in the fervour of belief they are inspired and they inspire. Their reason first kindles their passion, but the passion is the instrument they use; they force themselves into men's hearts, while they appear only to appeal to their judgment. Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

We will now proceed to miscellaneous extracts. We may liken it to opening an occasional shutter in some richly furnished house, giving dim glimpses of the treasures heaped in the various chambers:—

The First Meeting of the Hero and Heroine.—"Several months ago, I was sojourning at Neapolis, a city utterly to my own heart, for it still retains the manners and stamp of its Grecian origin,—and it yet merits the name of Parthenope, from its delicious air, and its beautiful shores. One day I entered the temple of Minerva, to offer up my prayers, not for myself more than for the city on which Pallas smiles no longer. The temple was empty and deserted. The recollections of Athens crowded fast and meltingly upon me: imagining myself still alone in the temple, and absorbed in the earnestness of my devotion, my prayer gushed from my heart to my lips, and I wept as I prayed. I was startled in the midst of my devotions, however, by a deep sigh; I turned suddenly round and just behind me was a

female. She had raised her veil also in prayer; and when our eyes met, methought a celestial ray shot from those dark and shining orbs at once into my soul. Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely moulded; a certain melancholy softened and yet elevated its expression; that unutterable something which springs from the soul, and which our sculptors have imparted to the aspect of Psyche, gave her beauty I know not what of divine and noble; tears were rolling down her eyes. I guessed at once that she was also of Athenian lineage; and that in my prayer for Athens her heart had responded to mine. I spoke to her, though with a faltering voice.—'Art thou not, too, Athenian?' said I, 'oh beautiful virgin?' At the sound of my voice she blushed, and half drew her veil across her face. 'My forefathers' ashes,' said she, 'repose by the waters of Ilyssus; my birth is of Neapolis; but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian.' 'Let us, then,' said I, 'make our offerings together;' and, as the priest now appeared, we stood side by side, while we followed the priest in his ceremonial prayer: together we touched the knees of the goddess—together we laid our olive garlands on the altar. I felt a strange emotion of almost sacred tenderness at this companionship. We, strangers from a far and fallen land, stood together and alone in that temple of our country's deity: was it not natural that my heart should yearn to my countrywoman, for so I might surely call her? I felt as if I had known her for years, and that simple rite seemed, as by a miracle, to operate on the sympathies and ties of time. Silently we left the temple, and I was about to ask her where she dwelt, and if I might be permitted to visit her, when a youth, in whose features there was some kindred resemblance to her own, and who stood upon the steps of the fane, took her by the hand. She turned round and bade me farewell. The crowd separated us; I saw her no more. On reaching my home I found letters, which obliged me to set out for Athens, for my relations threatened me with litigation concerning my inheritance. When that suit was happily over, I repaired once more to Neapolis; I instituted inquiries throughout the whole city, I could discover no clue of my lost countrywoman; and hoping to lose in gaiety all remembrance of that beautiful apparition, I hastened to plunge myself amidst the luxuries of Pompeii. This is all my history. I do not love; but I remember and regret."

Natural Loveliness.—"Is nature ordinarily so unattractive?" asked the Greek. "To the dissipated—yes." "An austere reply, but scarcely a wise one. Pleasure delights in contrasts; it is from dissipation that we learn to enjoy solitude, and from solitude, dissipation." "So think the young philosophers of the garden," replied the Egyptian; "they mistake lassitude for meditation, and imagine that, because they are sated with others, they know the delight of loneliness. But not in such jaded bosoms can nature awaken that enthusiasm which alone draws from her chaste reserve all her unspeakable beauty; she demands from you, not the exhaustion of passion, but all that fervour from which you only seek, in adoring her, a release. When, young Athenian, the moon revealed herself in visions of light to Endymion, it was after a day passed, not amongst the feverish haunts of men, but on the still mountains and in the solitary valleys of the hunter."

Dinner Scene.—"At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initia of the feast. Amidst deli-

cious figs, fresh herbs strewn with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration. "A splendid *mappa* that of yours," said Clodius; "why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle!" "A trifle, my Clodius; a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome: but Glaucus attends to these things more than I." "Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the salt-holders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation. This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced. "May this cup be my last!" said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cythus—"May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!" "Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus, "and read its date and its character." The slave hastened to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years. "How deliciously the snow has cooled it!" said Pansa; "it is just enough." "It is like the experience of a man who has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest," exclaimed Sallust. "It is like a woman's No," added Glaucus; "it cools but to inflame the more."

Love as painted by Poetry.—"It is only before we love that we imagine that our poets have truly described the passion—the instant the sun rises, all the stars that had shone in his absence vanish into air. The poets exist only in the night of the heart; they are nothing to us when we feel the full glory of the god."

We think this assertion might be met by another. It is not till we love that we feel the truth of what poetry embodies; like the moon shining forth upon the purple midnight, a tender light is thrown on beauties we had not noticed before.

Combat in the Circus.—We have only to observe that both the combatants have been victorious in one species of combat, but that Lydon is young and unpractised, and only stimulated by the hope that the prize will buy his father's freedom.—"Throughout that mighty assembly there now ran a universal movement, the people breathed more freely, and re-settled themselves in their seats. A grateful shower was cast over every row, from the concealed conduits. In cool and luxurious pleasure they talked over the late spectacle of blood. Eumolpus removed his helmet, and wiped his brows; his close-curling hair and short beard, his noble Roman features and bright dark eye, attracted the general admiration. He was fresh, unwounded, unfatigued. The Editor paused, and proclaimed aloud that, as Niger's wound disabled him from again entering the arena, Lydon was to be the successor to the slaughtered Nepimus, and the new combatant of Eumolpus. "Yet, Lydon," added he, "if thou wouldst decline the combat with one so brave and tried, thou mayest have

full liberty to do so. Eumolpus is not the antagonist that was originally decreed for thee. Thou knowest best how far thou canst cope with him. If thou failest, thy doom is honourable death; if thou conquerest, out of my own purse I will double the stipulated prize." The people shouted applause. Lydon stood in the lists—he gazed around; high above, he beheld the pale face, the straining eyes of his father. He turned away irresolute for a moment. No! the conquest of the cestus was not sufficient—he had not yet won the price of victory—his father was still a slave! "Noble ædile!" he replied, in a firm and deep tone. "I shrink not from this combat. For the honour of Pompeii, I demand that one trained by its long-celebrated Lanista shall do battle with this Roman!" The people shouted louder than before. "Four to one against Lydon!" said Clodius to Lepidus. "I would not take twenty to one! Why, Eumolpus is a very Achilles, and this poor fellow is but a *tyro*!" Eumolpus gazed hard on the face of Lydon; he smiled; yet the smile was followed by a slight and scarce audible sigh—a touch of compassionate emotion, which custom conquered the moment the heart acknowledged it. And now both, clad in complete armour, the sword drawn, the visor closed, the two last combatants of the arena (ere man, at least, was matched with beast), stood opposed to each other. It was just at this time that a letter was delivered to the Prætor by one of the attendants of the arena; he removed the cincture—glanced over it for a moment—his countenance betrayed surprise and embarrassment. He re-read the letter, and then muttering,— "Tush! it is impossible!—the man must be drunk, even in the morning, to dream of such follies!"—threw it carelessly aside, and gravely settled himself once more in the attitude of attention to the sports. The interest of the public was wound up very high. Eumolpus had at first won their favour; but the gallantry of Lydon, and his well-timed allusion to the honour of the Pompeian Lanista, had afterwards given the latter the preference in their eyes. "Holla, old fellow!" said Medon's neighbour to him. "Your son is hardly matched; but, never fear, the Editor will not permit him to be slain,—no, nor the people neither; he has behaved too bravely for that. Ha! that was a home thrust!"—well averted, by Pollux! At him again, Lydon!—they stop to breathe! What art thou muttering, old boy?" "Prayers!" answered Medon, with a more calm and hopeful mien than he had yet maintained. "Prayers!"—trifles! The time for gods to carry a man away in a cloud is gone now. Ha, Jupiter!—what a blow! Thy side—thy side!—take care of thy side, Lydon!" There was a convulsive tremor throughout the assembly. A fierce blow from Eumolpus, full on the crest, had brought Lydon to his knee. "Habet!—he has it!" cried a shrill female voice: "he has it!—huzza!" It was the voice of the girl who had so anxiously anticipated the sacrifice of some criminal to the beasts. "Be silent, child!" said the wife of Pansa, haughtily. "Non habet!—he is not wounded!" "I wish he were, if only to spite old surly Medon," muttered the girl. Meanwhile Lydon, who had hitherto defended himself with great skill and valour, began to give way before the vigorous assaults of the practised Roman; his arm grew tired, his eye dizzy, he breathed hard and painfully. The combatants paused again for breath. "Young man," said Eumolpus, in a low voice, "desist; I will wound thee slightly—then lower thy arms; thou hast propitiated the Editor and the mob—thou wilt be honourably saved!" "And my father still enslaved!"

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groaned Lydon to himself. "No! death or his freedom." At that thought, and seeing that his strength not being equal to the endurance of the Roman, every thing depended on a sudden and desperate effort, he threw himself fiercely on Eumolpus; the Roman warily retreated—Lydon thrust again—Eumolpus drew himself aside—the sword grazed his cuirass—Lydon's breast was exposed—the Roman plunged his sword through the joints of the armour, not meaning, however, to inflict a deep wound: Lydon, weak and exhausted, fell forward—fell right on the point: it passed through and through, even to the back! Eumolpus drew forth his blade; Lydon still made an effort to regain his balance—his sword left his grasp—he struck mechanically at the gladiator with his naked hand, and fell prostrate on the arena.

With one accord Editor and assembly made the signal of mercy—the officers of the arena approached—they took off the helmet of the vanquished. He still breathed; his eyes rolled fiercely on his foe; the savageness he had acquired in his calling glared from his gaze, and lowered upon the brow darkened already with the shades of death; then with a convulsive groan, with a half start, he lifted his eyes above. They rested not on the face of the Editor, nor on the pitying brows of his relenting judges. He saw them not; they were as if the vast space was desolate and bare; one pale agonised face alone was all he recognised; one cry of a broken heart was all that, amidst the murmurs and the shouts of the populace, reached his ear. The ferocity vanished from his brow; a soft, a tender, expression of sanctifying but despairing filial love played over his features—played—waned—darkened! His face suddenly became locked and rigid, resuming its former fierceness. He fell upon the earth. "Look to him," said the *Edile*, "he has done his duty!"

We have reserved some of the exquisite lyrics for our poetical department, and only regret that our limits will not allow us to give any of the dramatic scenes of the last day itself. Every new attempt must, in its success, add to the reputation of an author; that addition has been made by the work which we now heartily commend to the public. And here we cannot but remark in what a different style each production of Mr. Bulwer has been conceived. How unlike *Eugene Aram* was to *Pelham*, and how opposed is *The last Days of Pompeii* to either! It is more picturesque, more richly coloured than its predecessors; indeed, only like them in its deep knowledge of, and its profound sympathy with, human nature.

The Domestic and Financial Condition of Great Britain; preceded by a brief Sketch of her Foreign Policy, and of the Statistics and Politics of France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. By G. Browning. London. Longman & Co. 1834. 8vo. pp. 632.

The importance of a work like the present cannot be too highly estimated. The duty of self-knowledge, so incumbent on the individual, is still more incumbent on a nation. In the individual, such knowledge but involves the welfare of one—in the nation, it involves the welfare of all. In religion, in politics, and in the social relations, what have ever been the most fruitful sources of evil?—Prejudices. From what have those prejudices originated?—Ignorance. And how is that ignorance to be enlightened but by that desire of improvement—that careful investigation—whose united result is knowledge? The intelligence and the industry of the pages before us alone would demand attention; but in another point of view

is that attention still more requisite. Opinions are here put forth on subjects of vital interest to England: if just, they ought to be disseminated; if erroneous, to be controverted. It is extraordinary how little information contents the mass; and to this supineness may be traced at least half the abuses that have sprung up among us. "What is every body's business is nobody's," is as true of general advantage as of every thing else. The re-action is, however, now beginning—a spirit of universal inquiry has arisen—and to give it proper material whereon to work, and just lights whereby to discriminate, ought to be the object of every one, as it is their interest. The work now before us is one that has for some time been wanted: giving, in a condensed and collected form, the immense body of intelligence that has lately been issued to the public in various fugitive and popular shapes. The great fault of the present day is the evanescent nature of some of its most important documents. The talent and the material of our newspapers are wonderful; but how rarely is a newspaper read on the morrow. "Another and another still succeeds." Hence a work like this before us, which may be called a History of the Present, is invaluable. According to our previous opinions, we may or may not agree with the doctrines it puts forth—we may deduce other conclusions from the facts stated—but we cannot deny that it was well such facts should be brought before us; and we must accord to the inferences the respect due to the statements of an active, investigating, and liberal-minded man. Mr. Browning sets out by advocating a pacific policy as the one best suited to England. Admitting that the expediency of the late war is debatable ground, on the principle of carrying the war into the enemy's country, and that Napoleon's ambition needed the boundaries of resistance and of attack; yet no previous one could be called a war of necessity—they were the result of individual influence. It is curious to note that, insular as we are, and of all people in the world most adverse to foreigners, yet, on every emergency, we have called strangers to the throne. The accession of the Stuarts to the throne brought no change to the wise and peaceful government of Elizabeth. The interests of Scotland and England were in reality the same. But William, imbued with hopes, fears, and expectations, which belonged exclusively to the Continent, was the first to begin that system of active interference in the affairs of Europe, which led England to assume the warlike aspect she has since retained. The House of Hanover equally brought with it foreign relations; and if the late war with Napoleon, and the former with Louis XIV., be justified on the plea of self-defence, no such plea can be urged for the blood that was shed, and the treasure that was expended, for the rival houses of Hapsburg and Brandenburg. But wars that are past are chiefly useful as lessons for the future. In naming the most important portions of this work, we would rather point attention to the chapters which treat of "the Condition of the Working Classes," "the Practical Operation of the Corn-laws," and that on "the Revenue." Taxes concern us all, and their effects, both direct and indirect, cannot be too often studied. Mr. Browning dwells much on the benefits of universal education, and quotes the following singular fact:—

School.—"Mr. Troutback died without heirs, and bequeathed 2000*l.* for erecting an orphan hospital, and the whole of his property, amounting to upwards of 100,000*l.*, to trustees, for erecting an additional wing, or separate build-

ing, to the charity school of St. John of Wapping, and for maintaining, clothing, and educating poor children of that parish. The government availed itself of some technical informality in the wording of the will. The testament was set aside by the court of Chancery, the property declared forfeited as a *droit of the crown*, and in 1816 appropriated to the discharge of the arrears of the civil list.—See report of the education committee 1816, p. 289."

Certainly such a forfeiture was unworthy of an enlightened government. Of what import was the letter when the spirit was so manifest? The prejudice against the education of the lower classes, though weakened, has still many strongholds. Human nature at its best is not very amiable; and there is something humiliating, both to our inherent and to our acquired pride, in seeing others, whom we are accustomed to consider as inferiors, sharing those advantages we had considered peculiarly our own. This pride, though it cannot for a moment be admitted as an argument, yet is the secret of the opposition which the endeavour to generalise instruction has encountered. We would only ask whether a man is likely to be a worse servant, workman, or labourer, because he has a resource in reading for his leisure hours—a resource that must teach him that integrity and industry are as inseparable from his own interests as from those of his superior? That one so capable may read bad books as well as good, and may misapply the very education he has received, only proves that in this world there is no excellence without its concomitant drawback. Good and evil are as intricately mingled in the web of life, as the hues in a shot silk. We can separate them only by destroying the fabric; our aim should therefore be to make the brighter colour preponderate—turn, if we can, the silk to the sun. Do not fancy that education can be to the poor food, fire, and clothing: but at last it will aid them to obtain those necessities, and teach them how to employ them for the best when gained. We observe that Mr. Browning is no advocate for emigration. Speaking of that important subject, he says:—

"To curtail, by emigration, the number of those who are able to produce an excess over their consumption, must naturally cause the burden of providing for those who produce nothing, and yet largely consume, to press the more heavily; since the proportion subtracted from the wages of labour must be augmented in an even ratio to the diminution of the number of labourers. Evident as the foregoing principles are, the government, supposing that the remedy for a deficiency of employment is to be found in transporting the *élite* of the British population—the ingenious mechanic, and the youthful, sturdy husbandman—to the distant shores of Canada and Australia, obtained a parliamentary grant, to be distributed in bounties or passage-money to emigrants; and an act of the senate enabling parishes to mortgage the parochial assessments, in order to raise a fund to facilitate the emigration of the working classes. Of all remedies for the privations endured by the British people, none is so egregiously wrong, and so contrary to every sound principle of government; none so indicative of the absence of knowledge in the fundamental principles of our resources, as that of encouraging the emigration of labourers at the cost of those who remain; and it is evident that the system, carried to any great extent, must effect a deep aggravation of the burdens under which the country at present labours. If the internal resources

of Great Britain are duly investigated, it will be found that they are quite adequate to render both general and individual wealth more productive at home than in any other country, and to diffuse a greater sum of human happiness throughout the various classes of her community. Our extensive manufactures, which have so powerfully tended to raise our country to its present state of wealth and mighty power, afford full scope for both genius and industry; it is no want of the means of supporting an increase of numbers which can sanction the government in offering encouragement to native talent and capital to emigrate. The strength of the nation depends on the increase of population, not only as a means of defence, but as an extended means of subsistence; as an enlarged power of maintenance, both collectively and individually. The trade of Great Britain can never be accelerated in its increase through the growth of our colonies by emigration. Important as may be our external commerce, yet our internal trade is superior to it. 'England is England's best customer,' and the largest consumers of her manufactures are her own inhabitants. Every emigrant therefore diminishes the demand for our productions, and impairs our power. Hence, whatever advantages emigration may unfold to the mechanic, the field labourer, or the small capitalist, certain it is that the nation must lose by the separation. To the emigrant the question of improved condition is indeed speculative; for, however poor the condition of the labourer at home, the law ensures to him protection against absolute starvation; but to the newly located emigrant, provided with no capital, in an unknown and unexplored country, dependent for every necessary on the precarious productions of the soil or the chase, his means affording no sufficient guarantee of a suitable maintenance until some years after his first location—no protection is offered, and the ulterior improvement in his condition is by no means certain. Generally speaking, all mankind feel a natural instinctive desire to continue in that country which gave them birth, where their ancestors have lived and died, and where their fondest recollections are connected and centred; and the severest distress, or perhaps the apprehension of it, is required to induce them to leave their native land, endure all the perils of a long sea voyage, and the hazards of providing themselves in a barbarous country, for the chance of obtaining the means of a livelihood. While so much remains to be done at home, which would tend to ameliorate the condition of the ingenious mechanic and the laborious husbandman; while the vast tracts of uncultivated land in Britain invite colonisation in our own native isle; while so many opportunities of national improvement present themselves, requiring but the labour and capital, the government desire to dispense by emigration, offering by the advantages of intimate co-operation, profits far greater than those attainable by the colonisation of the bleak wilds of Canada, or the arid plains of central Australia; it is the duty of the government to pause ere they, contrary to every principle upon which civil society is formed, renew the proposal to expatriate a portion of our English labourers, whose only crime is poverty, wrought by the waste of the national resources in wars in times past, and the restrictions to international commerce in times present."

Curious statement concerning the periodical mortality of the human race.—"Our limits are insufficient to enable us to give the entire table of mortality as furnished by the official

authorities; we have yet thought it necessary to note the first seven periods separately, as illustrative of the great excess of mortality among infant males compared with females. The average of the quinquennial periods (except in the cases annexed), will in general furnish the annual sum of mortality. At the termination of the first twelve years, about one-third of those born are with the departed; the proportion being against males in the ratio of 855 to 732 females (nearly). After this term (12 years) to the age of 44—the middle period of life, and by far the most hazardous to women—the comparative mortality shows a different result; being as 46 females to 41 males. At the termination of this period, when procreation ceases, female life is comparatively the most secure; the average mortality from the ages of 45 to 65, being about as 63 males to 60 females. The comparative security of life subsequent to this is slightly in favour of males. The tables shew a great excess of mortality among females; but it should be remarked, that the excess of female population after this period of life is nearly twelve per cent over the male (see table of ages), and the ratio of mortality is hence by so much greater, without indicating any comparative insecurity of life. In collating this table from the official documents before us, we cannot but remark the extraordinary mortality it evinces at the termination of each decade of man's life, from the age of thirty years. In every instance from thirty years of age and upwards, the mortality in the year which terminates the decade very greatly exceeds that in the preceding and succeeding years: as a matter somewhat curious, we shall shew these instances:—

Age.	Mortality.	Age.	Mortality.	Age.	Mortality.
29	26,630	49	23,089	69	33,031
30	31,027	50	33,527	70	35,953
31	23,201	51	20,911	71	32,162
32	23,778	52	25,782	72	32,069
33	33,513	53	43,273	73	45,617
34	20,969	54	26,064	74	27,435

"This strikes us as something extraordinary; it seems to say that at these periods a man is under the influence of some physical change, when he either surrenders or renews his life lease. The disciples of the profound Cuvier can perhaps explain this."

From the chapter on taxes we shall take one extract peculiarly important to ourselves.

Paper.—"The vexatious excise restrictions imposed against the manufacture of paper, if necessary to the collection of the revenue, are in themselves sufficient to denounce the policy of this tax. Paper, under the excise laws, is divided into two classes: the first class paper is subject to a duty of 28s. per cwt., and the second class of 14s. per cwt.; millboards and scaleboards made of the same material as the second class paper are charged with 21s. per cwt. duty. That quality subject to 14s. per cwt. must be made of no other material than *tanned ropes*, without the *tar* being previously extracted; if the *tar* is washed out, and the ropes prepared for the manufacture of paper, the manufacturer is subject to an additional duty of 14s. per cwt.; while the acts of Parliament, which pretend to teach the manufacturer the art of manufacturing paper, are so numerous and complex, that it requires an almost supernatural extent of legislative knowledge to escape the heavy penalties they impose. To prohibit the paper manufacturer from using any other material for making second class paper than *tanned ropes*, is just as reasonable as to prohibit the cloth manufacturer from making second class cloth from any other material than *sheep pitch marks*. Since rope cables have been

so generally superseded by those made of iron, old tarred rope is difficult to obtain; and when a scarcity arises, hemp must be manufactured into ropes, and then tarred before it can be used for paper-making, although the hemp would be double the value for paper-making if it were allowed to be used without passing through the expensive process of spinning and tarring. Rags and old sacking, which are too inferior to be used for first class paper, cannot be manufactured into any other description, and are hence rendered of little or no value. The heavy duty charged on licences to manufacture paper is levied in the most unfair manner. A small capitalist, who works one vat, pays as much for his licence as a large capitalist who works ten. Surely there can be no necessity for so burdening the small manufacturer. The government, which professes to be greatly impressed with the importance of encouraging British manufactures, cannot with any consistency defend the system upon which these duties are levied, and must concur in the propriety of a speedy alteration, even at the sacrifice of the entire revenue raised on paper. A fixed moderate rate of duty on all classes of paper might perhaps be raised; but, if effect could be given to *ad valorem* duties, to which, we fear, it could not, they would be decidedly preferable."

We cannot but give publicity to Mr. Brown's plan for a military fund:

"If a small portion of the pay of the soldier, say one halfpenny per diem, were applied to a superannuation fund, from which he would be entitled to claim a pension after a certain term of service, increasing with the prolongation of that term, a very large prospective saving in the non-effective military expenditure would result. Supposing the minimum term to be fixed at fourteen years, allowing for casualties, the fund increasing at compound interest during that time, would go far to relieve the nation from a very large portion of the charge."

Plan of a new tax.—"This estimated amount of economy is yet very inadequate to enable the government to relinquish 5,000,000l. of annual revenue, and the difference (about 3,000,000l.) must be sought in the levy of a new tax, and the expansion of national resources. The principle of this tax we shall here endeavour to develop. All taxes cause, in their abstract character, an abridgement of property; but if they afford it protection against lawless depredation, they amply repay the sacrifice, and hence may be said to be reproductive. The value of protection to property is in proportion to the amount possessed: hence the tax on individual members of society should bear in proportion to individual income; but the practicability of applying this theory, and of exactly taxing each member of the community in the *pro rata* of his means of contribution, is, in the ordinary sense of the word, *impossible*. Perhaps the nearest assimilation is to levy a tax on the income of each individual; but the various weighty objections to the levy of such a tax in Great Britain decidedly forbid it. Looking to the numerous inducements which present themselves for the emigration of British capital, a general tax on income would unquestionably be impolitic; for capital being a prime agent in production, it would counteract the reproduction of property, impair the sources of revenue, and diminish the amount of general imposts in a greater degree than the sum raised by the individual tax. The tax we propose is a duty on the succession to bequeathed or entailed property in immovables—lands and buildings; or an extension of the tax levied on personal

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property passing under probate and administration, to real property, calculated according to the value of the estate and degrees of consanguinity. Such a tax is not novel; during many years it has constituted an important branch of revenue in neighbouring countries—France, Holland, Belgium, and elsewhere; and there seems no sufficient reason why property invested in lands and buildings should escape taxation, while property in the government funds is liable to it. There is no valid reason why the rich heir who inherits 20,000*l.* per annum in landed property should escape taxation, while the poor man who enjoys a bequest of 20*l.* is subject to it. It is unworthy of those who impose the tax specially to exempt themselves from its bane, merely because they possess the power to do so. Some objections may, however, as in every other case of taxation, be urged against the levy of such an impost. It may be said that the tax would have a tendency to discourage the improvement of lands and the erection of buildings: such an objection has undoubtedly some weight, although, in looking to the practical operation of the tax on the opposite shores, we can discover no proofs of such a result, nor do we think such an effect would be produced in England. But in order to meet this objection, it might be provided that all lands brought into cultivation, or buildings erected subsequent to the imposition of the tax, should not be liable to charge until the termination of the second life. Thus the present family of testators would experience no diminution in newly-invested property, nor would the impost impede in any degree prospective improvements; since, on the ordinary calculation of the life lease, a sufficiency of time would elapse to reap a large share of the profit on vested capital ere it would become chargeable."

Charles Townsend said, "that to tax and to please, any more than to love and be wise, was not given to man." A new tax, even though it came in the shape of a legacy, would scarcely receive a welcome.

We now conclude by cordially recommending this work to the attention of the public.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture; a series of Engravings: with Descriptive Prose and Illustrative Poetry, by T. K. Hervey. London, 1834. Relie and Unwin; C. Tilt; Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

WHAT a beautiful volume is this now that the various numbers are collected and complete! How much of grace and of sentiment, of thought and of inspiration, are here enshrined! One page opens at the classic "Arethusa," thus conjuring up all those lovely fictions which were the allegories of the heart in the olden time: a second, at the Italian dancer,

"Light as her climate, sunny as her skies:"

a third, at the "Distressed Mother," connected with all images of human suffering and human pity. Not only is the taste refined, but the mind elevated, by the study of these noble performances. We see of what the ideal makes our ordinary nature capable. We grow more alive to the beautiful; and thus is the ancient fable realised—thus is its fine truth made palpable. The sculptor, the painter, and the poet, each is the Prometheus of his hour, and each brings down fire from above, to kindle and to delight ordinary existence. Mr. Hervey has linked with the engravings a series of exquisite poems. He has not merely described the work, but he has gathered

round it all its associations: he has laid incense on the altar, and scattered flowers before the shrine. He says justly, that

"Truths that were of olden time
Are truths for us to-day."

And again this idea is pursued:—

"The mind has no to-day—the present things
Are for the senses—never for the soul;
Backwards or forwards on its restless wings,
An eager traveller without a goal,
It flits for ever, seeking out the lore
Of things to come, in things that were before;
Stealing the taper from the old world's tomb,
To light it through the future's deeper gloom."

"Arethusa" is among our favourites. After a sweet outline of the classic story, he asks, is not her lone loveliness of career the best? She, at least, has not proved the falsehood of life's sweetest and falsest dream. The wandering nymph has not had

"To learn how sorrow makes the spirit wise,
And leads to truth, across a 'Bridge of Sighs,'
Not thine in age to lie and cower apart,
Above the embers of thy burnt-out heart—
Not thine to melt the diamond of the soul,
And drink the treasure in a single bowl."

There is a most striking personification of sorrow in "Eve,"

"That young, pale sister of the monster—Sin."

The address to the "Venus" is exquisitely concluded. That loveliness yet retains its power in

"forms and faces in thy strength that come
To be the light to day of many a home;
And in the census of their own sweet truth,
Explain thy secret of undying youth;
Whose smiles and softness play a priestess' part,
To keep alive thy worship in the heart;
Who teach us, with their graces ever new,
How dreams of thee and thy Olympus grew;
And shew us, with their fond and flashing eyes,
Where men had learnt such legends of the skies!
Forms that sit watching by our household fires,
Or with their beauty fan our young desires—
Or fill the room where memory's shadows roll—
The spirits' ghosts—the lares of the soul!
O! filling homes, or hopes, or memory's part,
Some goddess sit within each living heart!
Urania! cold the breast, and dull the brow,
That never reached thy altars with a vow—
That mid the world no gentle face can see,
For whose sweet sake the spirit worships thee!
And sad, who has not, mid the forms of earth,
A Venus of the heart—or of the hearth!"

The introductions, brief histories of each engraving, are pleasantly written; and, as a whole, we consider this volume one of the most complete and attractive that has appeared. It is worth half-a-dozen Annuals.

Scenes from Parisian Life. First Series. Ferragus, Chief of the Dévorans. Translated from the French of M. de Balzac. 8vo. pp. 238. London, 1834. Fraser.

THERE can be no doubt that M. de Balzac ranks among the first of French modern writers. He has not the fantastic power of creation, the skill in constructing a length of narrative, still less the poetry, of Victor Hugo. He has not the influence of terror, and the picturesque spirit of Dumas; neither has he the subtlety of mental investigation, and the bursts of passionate eloquence, that mark the pages of Mde. Dudevant (George Sand); but he has characteristics equally original and equally forcible. He works up his scenes with that air of real life, which the inferior writer seeks in vain to emulate,—a power at once impossible to define, and yet impossible not to acknowledge. His pages are filled with startling remarks, and his descriptions are pictures. M. de Balzac's genius is essentially Parisian—witty, profligate, yet, with touches of beauty and feeling, he is imbued with the scenes he depicts. No one ever better understood the individuality of locality; his personages become familiar,—for they move in such familiar scenes; the impro-

bable takes a tone of reality, by being blended with such consummate art with the daily and the common-place—the common-place, however, made attractive by deductions whose too-curious reasonings few but himself could have contrived to extract. It is difficult, if not impossible, to judge modern French literature by the same rule to which we submit our own. It grows out of a different state of society; it is subject to the ordeal of an opposite current of opinion. A licence of expression, a freedom of investigation, is permitted on the other side of the channel, which would not here be tolerated for a moment. We are fastidious in our language, and cautious in our sentiments: there people write all they think—here they do not write half; and, we must say, it is as well to keep some of our thoughts to ourselves. We doubt the advantage of the mind putting forth every wild doubt, every evil thought, that may cross the chaos of excitement and disbelief. M. de Balzac has all the signs of his time: he himself says, "raillery is the only literature of expiring nations." Respect for nothing is the motto of his pages. He is an anatomist, but not a surgeon; he examines in detail what is most loathsome in our nature, but he heals no wound, he raises no hope of a remedy for pain or deformity. He rakes the remnants of the charnel-house together, and then asks mockingly, "Can these bones live?" The tendency of his writings is debasing and discouraging—the last because it is the first. "Glory," he somewhere observes, "is the egotism of the great, as happiness is that of the ordinary mind." So much for the morale of his works. Of their *physique* (if we may use that phrase to express the story, and the characters in which he embodies his ideas), its attraction is great. The interest is of the keenest order; the scenes are dramatic; the actors new, forcible, and real. A vein of extravagance pervades the whole, but it is so skilfully worked up with the actual that you are carried along with it. Merely as a panorama of Paris, his productions would fix the attention. He describes a street till you think you have walked through it; or if it be one you really know, it is instantly recognised. The only marvel is, that he noticed so many things which you had passed by, and that their sight has suggested so many trains of thought, which you wonder did not also strike yourself. The present volume has the usual touch of the astonishing in the character of the chief of the Dévorans; but the others, how nicely discriminated, and how characteristic of the present day! The story will recommend itself; and, moreover, we should be unwilling to spoil it by detail. Our extracts will, therefore, chiefly be such as illustrate the peculiar tone and style of M. de Balzac.

Paris.—"Perhaps there is no city in Europe where situation is considered more important in the choice of a residence than Paris. There are many streets which are even disreputable; others which are aristocratic and genteel; others where the character of the inhabitants is doubtful; some few in which assassination is frequently committed; and many parts which are old, noisy, and dirty, and which are inhabited by the labouring class of society. There are neighbourhoods which are not habitable; others where we should gladly choose to reside; and in many parts of the city there is great irregularity even in the same street. The Rue Montmartre, among several I could name, is wide at one end, while the other is a narrow close alley. The Rue de la Paix is a fine wide street, but very inferior in grandeur

to the Rue Royale, or the Place Vendôme, both of which are imposing. In walking through the Ile Saint Louis, we are immediately struck by the nervous sadness which is inspired by the solitude and deserted appearance of the large hotels. This island recalls Lord Byron's beautiful description of death, and is the Venice of Paris. The square of the Exchange is noisy, bustling, and prostituted; but no place can exceed it in beauty in a moonlight night, for no modern building in Europe excels the chaste architecture of the Exchange. During the day the square is an epitome of Paris; at night it recalls a scene in Greece. The Rue Traversière-Saint-Honoré is an infamous street, chiefly composed of small two-windowed houses, in every story of which vice, crime, and poverty are to be met. It is in the narrow lanes exposed to the north that mortality reigns with impunity; the justice of the present day does not occupy itself with them; formerly the lieutenant of the police would have been summoned by the parliament to indite these lanes as a nuisance. Monsieur Benoiston de Chateaufort has proved that the mortality of these streets was double that of any others. To prove this by an example, in a word, is not the Rue Fromenteau both pestilential and the residence of every vice? These observations, incomprehensible out of Paris, will strike men of study and reflection, of literature, and of pleasure, who, in lounging in its streets, partake of the ever-varying amusements within its walls. For such Paris is most inviting, from the constant change of scene; and we may compare it to a monster whose head is filled with genius and science, and whose limbs are in constant motion. Hardly has the last rumbling of carriages ceased ere the barriers are in movement; all the gates yawn, and turn on their hinges like the membranes of a large lobster, invisibly worked by 30,000 men and women, who each live in six-feet square, having a kitchen, a workshop, children, and a garden. Insensibly the movement increases, the streets are alive. At noon every thing is in motion, the chimneys are smoking, the monster eats. Then he roars, and his thousand claws are agitated. How beautiful a scene Paris offers to the lover of the picturesque, by her dark landscapes! the rays of light amid the large and silent courts form a contrast which all must admire who can feel."

Ignorance of each other.—"But who can flatter himself that he will ever be understood? We all die unknown. It is the fate of authors and of women."

There is something very French (we use this phrase for want of a better) in the following set of sentiments:—

"In truth, although women complain how ill they are loved by men, they do not admire those whose soul is half feminine. All their superiority consists in making men believe that they are inferior to them in love: thus they willingly quit a lover when he is sufficiently experienced to rob them of the fears with which they would invest themselves: these delicious torments of jealousy, those troubles of hope deceived, those vain trials, in fine, all the parade of their female miseries: they abhor all Sir Charles Grandisons. What can be more contrary to their nature than a tranquil and perfect love? They wish for emotions, and happiness without storms is no longer happiness for them. The feminine minds powerful enough to feel eternal love constitute angelic exceptions, and are among women what splendid geniuses are among men. Great passions are rare as master-pieces. Without this love,

there are only arrangements, passing visitations as contemptible as all little feelings."

French Lover.—He was in search of "a woman who could understand him—a search which we may say, *en passant*, is the great amorous mania of our age."

Poetry.—"He was a poet, as all lovers are. There are poets who feel, and others who express—the first are the most happy."

Tastes of To-day.—"To love without hope, and to be disgusted with life, are now social habits."

Parisian Fancies.—"At that period Paris had the rage for requiring." If Paris is a monster, it is certainly one of the maddest of monsters. It adopts a thousand fancies: sometimes it builds like a rich nobleman who loves the trowel; then it leaves the trowel, and becomes military mad; it arrays itself from head to foot as a national guard, goes through the exercise, and smokes; suddenly it abandons its military evolutions, and throws away the cigar. Then it is in distress, becomes a bankrupt, sells all its furniture on the place du Chatelet, and lays down its balance account; but a few days afterwards it arranges its affairs, rejoices, and dances. One day it eats barley-sugar by handfuls; yesterday it bought Weynen paper; to-day the monster has the toothache, and sticks up a dentifrice over its walls; to-morrow it will make a provision of pectoral paste. It has its manias for the month, the season, and the year, as well as its daily manias."

M. de Balsac's Idea of Feminine Deception.—"There are very few women who have not been, once in their lives, exposed to an interrogatory, precise, short, and cutting; one of those questions made without commiseration by their husbands, the dread of which alone causes a cold shaking fit, and the first word of which strikes the heart like the point of a poniard. From thence the axiom, *Every woman lies*:—an officious lie, a venial lie, a sublime lie, a horrible lie; but obliged to lie. This obligation, then, once admitted, is it not essential to lie skilfully? The women, therefore, in France are admirable liars; our manners teach them deceit so well! In short, woman is so ingeniously impatient, so pretty, so graceful, so true in lying, she avows so well its utility to avoid in social life the violent shocks which domestic happiness would not resist, that it is as necessary as the cotton in which they place their pearls. Lying, therefore, becomes the foundation of their language, and truth is nothing more than an exception; they tell it, as they are virtuous, from caprice or speculation; according to their dispositions or tempers, some women laugh in lying, others weep or become serious; some are angry. After having begun in life by feigning insensibility for the homage which delighted them the most, they often end by lying to themselves. Who has not admired their appearance of superiority, when they trembled for the mysterious treasures of their loves? Who has not studied their ease, their facility, their freedom of understanding, under the greatest embarrassments of life? Then, with them, nothing is borrowed; deceit flows as the snow falls from the skies. With what art, too, do they discover the truth in others—with what cunning do they employ the right logic regarding the point in discussion, which always acquires for them some secret of the heart from a man, open enough to proceed with them by interrogation. To question a woman, is it not to give ourselves up to her? Will she not always learn what we wish to hide from her? and in conversing with us, will she not conceal what

ever she chooses to keep secret? And yet some men pretend to cope with the women of Paris; with women who can put themselves above the stabs of a poniard, by saying, You are very inquisitive; what does it matter to you? Why do you wish to know it? Ah! you are jealous! and if I did not choose to answer you? In short, with a woman who possesses a hundred thousand different ways of saying No, and innumerable variations for saying Yes."

True Remark on the personal tone now affected by Luxury.—"In the present day, more than at any other period, reigns the fanaticism of individuality; the more our laws tend to an impossible equality, the further we shall depart from it, by our customs and manners. Thus opulent persons in France begin to be more exclusive in their tastes, and in the things which belong to them, than they have been during the last thirty years."

Love in a Cottage a Mistake.—"The fifteen hundred francs and my Sophia, or love in a cottage, are speeches made by famishing persons, to whom brown bread is sufficient at first, but who, becoming dainty, if they really love, end by regretting riches and gastronomy. Love detests labour and want. He would prefer death to being reduced to make a shift to live."

The Parisian Grisette.—"This young female was the type of a woman only to be found in Paris. She is made in Paris, like the mud, like the pavement of Paris; as the water of the Seine is made in Paris, in large reservoirs, through which Ducommun filters it ten times before it is put into the decanters, where it clarifies, and comes out pure and cleansed from its original filth. She is also a truly original creature. Twenty times seized by the painter's brush, by the caricaturist's pencil, by the crayon of the artist, she escapes all analysis, because she is not to be taken in all her fashions, any more than the fantastic, changeable Paris. In fact, she only holds to vice by a title, and is separated from it by the thousand other points of the social circumference. Besides, she only allows one trait in her character to be found out, the only one which renders her blameable. Her fine virtues are concealed; her open impudence is her glory. Incomprehensibly translated into dramas and books, where she has been brought forth most poetically, she will never be really known but in her garret, because she will always elsewhere be calumniated or flattered. Rich, she grows vicious; poor, she is misunderstood. And this cannot be otherwise. She has too many vices and too many good qualities; she is too near a sublime asphyxy or a withering laugh: she is too beautiful and too hideous: she too closely personifies Paris, to which she furnishes toothless portresses, washerwomen, street-sweepers, beggars—sometimes admired actresses, impertinent countesses, and applauded singers: she has even formerly given two quasi queens to the monarchy. Who can seize such a Proteus? She is all woman, less than woman, more than woman. From this vast portrait, a painter of morals can only give certain details; the whole were boundless. She was a grisette of Paris; but a grisette in all her splendour; the grisette in a hackney-coach, happy, young, pretty; but a grisette, and a grisette with claws and scissors, bold as a Spaniard, peevish as an English prude reclaiming her conjugal rights, as dirty as a great lady, more frank and ready for all; a real lioness emerged from a little apartment, which in fancy she had so often pictured to herself, with its red cotton curtains, its furniture of Utrecht velvet, tea-table, and service of painted china, the sofa, the little moquette carpet, the ala-

* Query.—Repairing?

baster clock glasses, the in short, a charwoman's grisette with parties to hats; in fine kind the rage, which imagination dream."

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bafter clock and the gilt candlesticks under glasses, the yellow room, the soft eiderdown—in short, all the pleasures of a grisette: the charwoman, formerly a grisette herself, but a grisette with moustaches and wrinkles, the parties to the play, the silk gowns, and new hats; in fine, all the felicities calculated on behind the milliner's counter, except the carriage, which only appears in the shopkeeper's imagination as a marshal's staff in the soldier's dream."

We can say nothing in favour of the translation. It is a singular delusion to attempt translating a foreign language when we are unable to write our own. A pair of boots with holes worn in them are called "holy boots." The *à propos* discovery of a letter is thus rendered: "the baron had a foreboding how opportune this find was." But it is needless to enter into these details, to which we only allude. Indeed the choice of M. de Balzac's writings for a female to translate appears most extraordinary; though, in the present tale, there is much less than usual of what is objectionable. Highly as we think of Balzac's talents, attractive as we admit his writings to be, we must say, that we think them ill calculated for an English dress.

An Essay on the Archæology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes. By John Bellenden Ker, Esq. 8vo. pp. 164. Southampton, 1834, Fletcher and Son; London, Black and Co.

POPULAR English phrases are now termed vulgarisms; nursery rhymes, nonsense. Such is the march of mind and of "penny superficialism." But

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle," and
"Diccory, diccory dock, the mouse ran up the clock"—in short, all the nonsense of the nursery—still firmly hold their sinecure places against the levelling system: yet, if the supporters of that system had hit upon Mr. Ker's theory of these nonsensical verses being popular pasquinades against the church, our nursery rhymes might have been otherwise regarded. We, however, are ready to admit that "Hey diddle, diddle," &c. is an exceedingly absurd thing; and yet we cannot agree with the Quaker mother, in thinking that the making sense would improve it, as exemplified in the following dialogue:—

"Child. Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.
Mother. There ought not to say that, Mary; for 'Hey diddle, diddle,' has no meaning.

Child. The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
Mother. Stop—there may say the cat and the fiddle, if thee pleases; but do not say the cow jump over the moon. Say the cow jump under the moon; for thee should know that a cow cannot jump over the moon, though it may jump under the moon."

Child. The little dog laughed to see the sport.
Mother. What, Mary?—a dog laugh! Thee should not say so, for thee knows a dog cannot laugh; they might say the little dog barked, if thee pleases.

Child. While the dish ran after the spoon.
Mother. Mary, Mary! how can a dish run? Does thee not know that a dish has no legs to run with? Thee should have said the dish and the spoon."

Such is the common-sense criticism which would reduce the delightful jingles of childhood from mere nonsense, and substitute for them the far less comprehensible technicalities of

"Geography, law, and histories,
With such like mysteries."

But to such utilitarian critics we can turn, with Mr. Ker's very ingenious and convincing book in our hand, and exclaim,

"There are
More things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The preface states that "The frequent recurrence of phrases bearing a traditional sense at variance with the terms in which they are vested, appears an anomaly in our language which remains to be accounted for. And such are precisely the forms we generally use when we wish to express ourselves in regard to some certain point with energy and distinctness. To explain myself," continues Mr. Ker, "by an instance; if we wish to tell another the circumstance of the person in question having supplanted such a one in his expectations of fortune, can we, in familiar intercourse, do so more intelligibly than by the phrase, 'he has put the other's nose out of joint?' In terms a burlesque and unmeaning sentence; but, by a still unexplained colloquial privilege, sound sense when uttered. To suppose the numerous phrases of this category were originally vested by those who used them in terms which did not carry the sense the speaker intended to convey by them, would be to form a supposition contrary to the nature of language and opposed to reason itself. My conviction is, the words in their original forms did convey the import they were used for at the time, but in the course of use, and through the mutability peculiar to our language, those forms have been confounded with others of a similar, or nearly similar, pronunciation, which have subsequently found their way into the tongue and supplanted them. It will not be denied, I suppose, that English and Anglo-Saxon are, at least, sister languages, and if so, as the offspring of a same parent, at one stage of existence an identical language. And if we believe (which I do) the Anglo-Saxon and the Low-Saxon (still surviving), in the main, in what we now call the Dutch) were the same language, our own must at one period have been as these once were, also the same language. It is to that period of our tongue I have endeavoured to retrace the original form of the words, which I believe then to have duly conveyed the sense of the phrases of the above category. By applying the sound of the words which constitute the modern phrase to others which it fitted in the Low-Saxon stage of our language, I have always found a sense, corresponding with that conveyed by the form under which they are now disguised, to be the result of the experiment. But to come at a due conclusion by such test, sound, not letter, is to be mainly relied on; the ear is to be consulted rather than the eye. And since sound must have been the prior conveyance of meaning, it may be fairly taken as a truer test of the original import of words than its imperfect and subordinate substitute, letter."

We take at random a few of the numerous phrases and words which Mr. Ker has so ably illustrated:—

"He is gone to Davy's locker, a sailor's phrase for 'he is gone to heaven'; 'he is gone for ever'; 'he is no more.' *Hij is gaen tot ewighs! luck er!* q. e. he is gone for ever! may he meet with happiness; or, more literally, 'he is gone into eternity! good luck there!' *Gaen (gegaen) gone. Eewighs* is used adverbially. *Luck (geluck)* as the third person of the imperative of *lucken*, to be fortunate, to meet with happiness. * * * The expression 'He is gone to Davy's locker' has sometimes the more extended form of 'He is gone to Davy Jones's locker,' and is then as *Hij is gaen tot ewig! J'hone sij'es luck er*; q. e. he is gone into eternity! may ever-during favour be his lot there! (may he meet with everlasting happiness!) *Hone, hoon*, favour, grace, indulgence; the word has also a nearly dia-

metrical meaning in some cases to that in which it is used here. *J'hone (je hone) sij'es*, sounds *Jones's. Tot ewig* sounds *Davy*. * * *

"*As snug as a bug in a rug*, a phrase used as descriptive of the highest degree of concealment; of a state where not even the existence, much less the value, of the person (object, subject) in question has been remarked (noticed). Used, I believe, upon the happening of some unexpected piece of good fortune; some display of talent in a quarter in which talent of any kind was not even surmised to exist. *Als smuig als er bag in de ruig*; q. e. as snug as a diamond in the rough state; like a jewel in the rough; as a precious stone is before its beauty is brought to light by the hand of the lapidary; and thus in the import of hidden worth suddenly discovered, native value emerging into notice when duly tested; genuine worth discovered under a rough appearance. *Als, as. Smuig, snug. Bag, bagghe*, jewel, diamond, precious stone; hence the French *bague. Ruijghe, ruig*, rough; but in *de ruig* answers precisely to our adverbial phrase 'in the rough.' The *a* in *bag* has the sound of our close *u*. *Als, as*. The sound leading to the transmutation of the original *bag* into *bug* has not only diminished the efficiency of the original phrase, but degraded it to vulgarity. And such has been the fate of these blind-chance transmutations, and unsuspected masqueradings in our language.

"*Heps and hawes*, in the sense of the berries (fruit) that grow on the hedges; but to which the idea of the *hep*, being the fruit of the wild rose, is attached; an idea grounded solely on the corruption of the original phrase. *Haps aen haeghes*; q. e. the chance produce of the hedges, the fruit of the hedges. *Hap* is a chance bit, a piece of luck, chance food; a snap, bait, bite. *Aen, in, on; haeghes, haags*, hedges. So that the phrase 'heps and hawes' is simply as the chance food, or fruit of the hedges. The French phrase, *la fortune du pot*, is, in the same way, 'the chance of the stew-pot in the fire;' and so is our 'pot luck;' instead of which this is *hedge luck*, in the sense of, the food that chance throws in the way of the birds, or those that have no other. *Haeghes* has the sound of *hawes*, as the plural of *have*, the ellipsis of *have-berry*, *haw-fruit*; for *have* of itself is *haagh*, hedge. * * *

"*Mushroom*, in the usual acceptance of that term. *Muts ruimj*; q. e. a broad cap or bonnet; a wide hat or cover; implying in proportion to the stem which supports such top or cover. And such is the striking characteristic of the mushroom. *Muts*, bonnet, top cover, cap. *Ruijm*, wide, large. The French *mousseron* seems a corruption of our own term. * * *

"*Tartar*, as in the expression of 'to catch a tartar,' and in the acceptance of to try after something, which, when got, turns out a plague, instead of the expected blessing. *Tartar* is here as *tarter*; q. e. a teaser, defier, constant opposer; and is a substantive formed from *tarten*, to defy, to set at naught, to provoke. The adjective, *tart*, belongs to the same stock; 'tart words' are provoking, irritating words. * * *

"*A humbug*, in the sense of, a deception; a take-in; moonshine. *Ham bij oog*; q. e. a taking hold of by the eye; taking to the eye; a catch for the eye; engaging the eye; and thus implying an appearance and nothing more; something in appearance only. *Hame, ham*, is here as the contraction of *ha-ing* as the participle present of the antiquated *ha-en*, to lay hold of, to take by, to grasp; and the root of *hand, ham*, and other terms to be observed on by and by. *Bij oog, v'oog*, by the eye, to the

sight. So that *humbug* is a taking by appearance; and we say, 'he was taken in by appearances,' in the sense of, he was deceived by his eyes, and implying that his reason had no share in the consequence. To *humbug* is the verb of this substantive. Johnson omits the word, although it is as genuine English as any in his Dictionary. To *hum*, in the sense of to deceive, is a familiar contraction of 'to humbug.' *Hum*, as sound, has quite a different source.

"He went the whole hog, in the sense of he went the whole length, took a deep interest in, made it his own business. *Hij wendt de holt hogh*; *q. e.* he turned the feelings of a friend towards the subject in question; he applied the zeal of good-will to the point referred to; he acted as one who made it his own business. *Hoghe, hogh, heughe*, besides the meaning of mind, intellect, and sense, has that of delight, pleasure, joy, and also of consolation and of hope. *Wenden*, to turn towards. *Hold*, bearing good-will to, kind, favourable, friendly. The amount of the expression is—he took the business to heart, he gave it all the attention of his mind. The word *hog* falling in, by analogy of sound, to the travesty, has excluded this phrase from grave discourse with us. Mr. Secretary Cecil told the other members, if you stand upon law and dispute of the prerogative, hark ye what Bracton says:—*Prerogativa nostram nemo audeat disputare*. Mr. Francis Bacon, a whole *hog* man, sir, said: as to the prerogatives royal, he never questioned them, and he hoped they would never be discussed."—Mr. Clayton, in *U. S. Senate*."

From thirty-four translated specimens of Nursery Rhymes which Mr. Ker gives us, we select the following; observing that they are, perhaps, the thirty-four most familiar in our language, and that every one of them supports the theory of their being "popular pasquinades, elicited by the soreness felt by the [Anglo-Saxon] population at the intrusion of a foreign and onerous church sway, bringing with it a ministry, to which a goaded people imputed fraud and exaction. As such, these compositions gained that popularity which is now continued to them only as traditional unmeaning jingles. The change of form," adds Mr. Ker, "I believe to be owing to the nature of their original import, and to have been suggested to those interested in neutralising such import, by the gradual change which was then constantly supervening in our language. The common origin and nature of both forms rendered such artifice easy of execution. The translations, in the modern form of our language, having neither the metre nor the poignancy of the originals, appear flat and comparatively insipid."

"Hie, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.
Hye! died t'el, died t'el,
De guit end de viel t'el.
De Raue j'hummt; 'Hoeve eer; dij moe aen.
De lij t'el doghe laft tot sij sus sport;
Hou yl te dies: 'Ran i haft er dij spaé aen."

You that work hard for your bread, do contrive among yourselves to shame the common thief and mischief-maker. This jack-daw (priest) keeps on repeating 'Plough the land duly, be pains-taking, my man!' and this curse to every virtue continues harping on the same strain till he is stopped short. Be sure you salute him at once with, 'My active fellow! take you this spade, and get your own bread with it honestly, and don't filch from others.' *Hey, hye*, is properly the beetle or labourer's hammer; and thus a metaphor for the labourer himself, and so the class of labouring peasants.

The word is also used for the paviour's rammer. *Heyer* and *dyker* are terms for hedger and ditcher, with us a rustic labourer. *Hij eet als een hye*, is, eats like a working man, *q. e.* heartily. *Ran* is slim, slender; and thus a proper subject for activity and work. *Died t'el*, show up, sounds *diddle*. *Vied t'el*, every man's bane, sounds *fiddle*. *J'hummt, je hummt*, mumbles on for ever, sounds *jumpt*. *Kauw*, jack-daw, is here as one that keeps on saying the same thing over and over again like a parrot. *Dij*, thou, sounds *the*. *Dieden*, to explain, to expose, to make it understood. *Guil*, villain, vagabond, and is usually travestied by *cat*. *Vied, vede, veete*, secret enmity, eternal nuisance. *Hoeve*, farm land, estate. *Eeren*, to plough; *arare*. *Moeyen, moeden*, to work hard, *fatiguer*. *Lij*, suffering, distress. *T'el, te el*, to any, to other. *Doghe*, as the participle present of *doghen, deughen*, to be worth, to be of the value of, and here used in a substantive sense, as value, worth, virtue. *Laffen*, to chatter on. *Sij*, she, is used in the feminine gender in reference to *Hey*, which is feminine. *Sus*, hush, a bidding to hold the tongue. *Spreken, spreken*, to find out, to trace out. *Hou*, salute, shout. *Yl*, quick, instantly. *Te dies*, to this. *Hou yl*, sounds *while*. *Haften, heften*, to take up, take hold of. *Spaé*, spade, shovel. *Aen*, on, upon, is here used an expletive particle, as of is in *take hold of*.

"There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet.
And get this old woman could never be quiet."

Dier wasse een ouwel-wije hummend; aen wt toe u dinck.

Sij liddt op aen nutting bat uit els handteringh:

Uit els handteringh sij kijf at haer dultj;

Els de wet dies ouwel-wije hummend goed nijver beguyght.

There you hear rise the hum of the wafer-man (priest); and what do you think it is all about? why, turning to his own account the ingenuity and handicraft of other people. From the brains and handicraft of the layman he wrangles out his means of maintenance. And you know well, that the sound of the priest's voice is never heard but to cheat and benoodle the honest and industrious.—*Ouwelwije*, the wafer-consecrator; *i. e.* the host-maker or priest. *Hummen* is to mumble, to mutter in a drawling, indistinct, hoarse tone; and thus to make the kind of noise the priest did while rehearsing or chanting his Latin church-offices; and it was this peculiar kind of buzz or humming sound that was here alluded to, as one never heard but it reminded the hearer of the purposes for which it was then used; viz. imposition and extortion. The lines are meant to imply, that the same voice which conjures the bread out of the mouths of the industrious, is equally employed in mocking them for their folly and for their pains. *Uit els*, out of other men's, sounds *vittels*, which is the way we pronounce *victuals*. *Handteringh*, vocation, business, profession, sounds *and drink*. *Wassen*, to increase, to rise higher and higher. *Toe u dinck*, imagine to yourself. *Luiden*, to sound. *Nutting*, acquiring. *Bat, baet*, profit. *Kijeen*, to wrangle, to extort by squabbling. *Duyt, doit*, money. *Beguyghen*, to quiz.

"There was a man in Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jump into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out
And he was in great pain,
He jump into a holly-bush,
And scratch'd 'em in again."

T' Heer was er man in tessch' al hij,
End hij was w' hun droes wo eyes.
Hij j' hummt hin t'u: Er quij! Set hegghe!
End schreyt: Houde bod' es eyes!

End wen hij saegh 'es eyes weêrhoud,
Aen hij wasse in greyt-pein;
Hij j' hummt hin t'u: Er Olie! Boos!
End schreyt om in erg; Inn!

The rector of the parish was a man whose whole soul was in his breeches-pocket; and he was a perfect bugbear to the parishioners when the tythe was to be set out. He was always buzzing in your ear; there now, be quick! set out the tythe (put the bramble or stick in my tythe-heaps). And he screams out, keep at least that law of God which orders you to pay me tythe! And when he has abstained a little from the saws about his tythe-rights, and the pangs of avarice come on afresh, he buzzes in your ear for ever: There, behold the holy chrism itself, you wicked man! and then screams out more spitefully than before: In with my tythe!—*Heer* is as *Par-heer*, the rector of the parish. *Tassche, tessche*, purse, pocket. *Droes*, devil, giant, imaginary monster. *W' hun, wie hun*, as their, for their, and sounds *wun*, as we pronounce *won* in *wondrous*. *Wo eyes, w' eyes*, when the getting of his due is a question, sounds *wise*. *Eyes*, as demand, claim, requisition, was formerly in use with us in the same sense—

"And right he swooned,
Till Vigilante, the velle, 'et water at his eyes
And flap in his face"—*Vis. Pier. Bloem*.

Hegghe, bush, is here as the branch stuck in the tythe-heap, and is the same word with our *hedge*. *Hummen*, to buzz, to hum. *Olie* is here the holy oil used in extreme unction as the catholic viaticum for heaven, and thus a subject of awe and reverence to those of that persuasion, as the whole population at that time was. It seems here used at the ultimate ratio of the priest with his parishioners when sly with their thythes. *Schreyen*, to scream out. *Schreit* sounds *scratch'd*. *Hegghe*, a bush. *Schreiten*, to call out lustily. *Greyt-pene*, pang of greediness. *Weerhoud*, withheld."

With this "Man of Thessaly" we must conclude. Rhymes of something similar import to it, we are told, are now sung in Ireland by the peasantry, which may put the sagacity of future antiquaries as much to the test as the discovery of the wondrous wisdom displayed by the act of jumping into a quickset hedge, and putting out both eyes, merely for the purpose of taking another jump into a holly-bush to scratch them in again.

Seriously speaking, however, Mr. Ker, by his archaological inquiries, has rendered good service to literature and the English language. All our merry childish memories are upon his side; for where is now the philosopher who will dare to question the meaning of *Hey, diddle, or Dickory, dickory dock*?

Burke's History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. Vol. I.

[Second Notice.]

IN returning to this work, we need not go into further remark upon the utility and interest of such a publication; and we accordingly select a few extracts, which will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the industrious research and curious information displayed in its pages.

The family of Wykeham, which is now represented by Miss Wykeham, the great heiress, is of high standing:—

"Miss Wykeham inherited the estates, and became, at the decease of her father, William Humphrey Wykeham, esq., in July, 1800, representative of the Wykeham family, and of the houses of Fiennes and Wenman, the former Viscounts Saye and Sele, in England; the

* *i. e.* name, old woman.

latter, Viscount family has very remote a Sir Ralph King John contemporaries knights lit huminary of Bishop of the founder College, O tested poin was or wi Wykeham time imme race; and taken place Swallcliffe last Viscount descendant Wykeham Robert W the comm The fam be overloo "The f in Wales, genealogis name of C tronicism, the special monarch, to the W English nations, in manner of grandfat with nap, name, as Morgan a of Morga was the m vement i ters. Ric name of the surna ing, his m to use th tion, the ness enti Ralph B gree of t nealogy of the Willi lords of 1602." Powes, heiress o whom t sprang fr Cardigan heir of f of Powes He was one Avie temple of the tim succeede of Powe scendant near Cas wedded esp. of l son, Wi dor, duk whose s the siste and had sumed, Henry

latter, Viscounts Wenman, in Ireland. This family has been settled at Swalcliffe from a very remote period; we find mention made of a Sir Ralph Wykeham living in the time of King John, and of a Sir Robert Wykeham, contemporary with Henry III.; but of these knights little more is recorded. The great luminary of the family was the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College, and of New College, Oxford. It is still, however, a contested point, whether this eminent churchman was or was not a lineal descendant of the Wykehams of Swalcliffe. They have from time immemorial claimed him as one of their race; and in later times an intermarriage has taken place between Richard Wykeham of Swalcliffe and the sister of Richard Fiennes, last Viscount Say and Sele, who was the lineal descendant and ultimate heiress of William of Wykeham. From the time of the above Sir Robert Wykeham, there is a chasm until about the commencement of the fourteenth century."

The famous race of Cromwell ought not to be overlooked in our notice:—

"The family of the Protector, which arose in Wales, and was deemed illustrious by the genealogists of the principality, bore the surname of Cromwell by assumption only, its patrimonial, Williams, having been abandoned at the special desire of King Henry VIII. 'That monarch,' saith Noble, 'strongly recommended to the Welsh (whom he incorporated with the English) to adopt the mode of most civilised nations, in taking family names instead of their manner of adding their father's, and perhaps grandfather's name to their own Christian one, with nap, or ap, between the Christian and surname, as Morgan ap Williams, or Richard ap Morgan ap Williams, that is, Richard, the son of Morgan, the son of Williams; and the king was the more anxious, as it was found so inconvenient in identifying persons in judicial matters. Richard's father seems to have taken the name of Williams for his family name; but as the surname of Williams was of so late a standing, his majesty recommended it to Sir Richard to use that of Cromwell, in honour of his relation, the Earl of Essex, whose present greatness entirely obliterated his former meanness.' Ralph Brooke, York Herald, drew up a pedigree of the family, which he entitled, 'A Genealogy of the Cromwell family, descended from the Williams of Wales, whose predecessors were lords of Powes and Cardigan, from 1066 to 1602.' He commences with Glothian, lord of Powes, who married Morveth, daughter and heiress of Edwyn ap Tydwall, lord of Cardigan, whom the British historians affirm lineally sprang from Careddig, from whom the county of Cardigan took the name of Cardyegion. The heir of this marriage, Gwaith Voed, was lord of Powes and Cardigan, Gwente and Gwynvaye. He was wounded to death in a battle against one Avisa, a Scythian infidel, in defending the temple or church of St. David's, and died about the time of the Norman Conquest. He was succeeded by Gwivestan ap Gwaith Voed, lord of Powes, from whom we pass to his lineal descendant, Yevan ap Morgan, of New Church, near Cardiff, in the county of Glamorgan, who wedded Margaret, daughter of Jenkin Remys, esq. of Bagam, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William ap Yevan, servant to Jasper Tudor, duke of Bedford, and to King Henry VII., whose son and heir, Morgan Williams, espoused the sister of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and had issue, Sir Richard Williams, who assumed, as already stated, at the desire of Henry VIII. the surname of his uncle, Crom-

well, and through the influence of that once powerful relative, himself and his family obtained wealth and station. 'As Vicar-General of all spiritual, the Earl of Essex had an opportunity of obliging his kinsman, then Richard Williams, alias Cromwell, esq. and others, with the sale of the lately dissolved religious houses, at sums infinitely below the very great value of most. Some of the most advantageous purchases were made by this ancestor of the Huntingdonshire Cromwells; and among others, those of the nunnery of Hinchinbrooke, and the monastery of Saltry-Judith, in that county, and all the manors situate in the same county, together with the site of the rich abbey of Ramsey. Additions were made to his possessions by the king, even after the fall of the favourite Cromwell; so that at the period of his death, Sir Richard's estates probably equalled in value (allowing for the alteration in the value of money) those of the wealthiest peers of the present day. At a tournament held by his royal master in 1540, and described by Stowe, Richard Cromwell, esq. is named as one of the challengers; all of whom were rewarded on the occasion by the king with an annual income of an hundred marks, granted out of the dissolved Franciscan monastery of Stamford, and with houses each to reside in. His majesty was more particularly delighted with the gallantry of Sir Richard Cromwell (whom he had knighted on the second day of the tournament), and exclaiming, 'formerly thou wast my Dick, but hereafter thou shalt be my diamond,' presented him with a diamond ring, bidding him for the future wear such a one in the fore-gamb of the demi-lion in the crest, instead of a javelin, as heretofore. The arms of Sir Richard, with this alteration, were ever afterwards borne by the elder branch of the family; and by Oliver himself on his assuming the protectorate, though previously he had borne the javelin.' The elder son and heir, Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrooke, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Elizabeth, in 1563, and the same year was returned to parliament by the county of Huntingdon. He was sheriff for the shires of Huntingdon and Cambridge in the 7th, 13th, 22nd, and 34th of Elizabeth. Sir Henry married twice, but had issue only by Joan, daughter of Sir Ralph Warren, knight, his first wife, namely, 1. Oliver, who inherited Hinchinbrooke at his father's decease, in 1603. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and created a knight of the bath by King James. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of the Lord Chancellor (Sir Thomas) Bromley, and had four sons and three daughters, viz. 1. Henry, of Ramsay, colonel in the army of King Charles. This gentleman married thrice, and had several children. Colonel Cromwell died in 1657, and his only surviving son and successor, Henry Cromwell, of Ramsay, reassumed the surname of Williams. 2. Thomas, also in the service of King Charles. 3. John, a colonel in the royal army, had an only daughter, Joan. 4. William, like his brothers, a cavalier officer, died unmarried in 1665. 5. Elizabeth, married to Sir Richard Ingolsby, knight, and died in 1666. 6. Catherine, married to Sir Henry Palavicini, knight, of Babesham, in the county of Cambridge. 7. Joan, married to William Baker, esq. of Bury. 8. Jane, married to Tobias Palavicini, esq. Sir Oliver Cromwell wedded, secondly, Anne, daughter of Egidius Hiffman, of Antwerp, and widow of Sir Horatio Palavicini, and had other children, of whom the second son, Robert Cromwell, settled in the town of Huntingdon, and became a brewer there. Coke says, (Dejection ii. 57, London, 1694) 'that

his father, being asked whether he knew the Protector, replied, Yes, and his father too, when he kept his 'brewhouse' in Huntingdon.' And Sir William Dugdale relates, that 'Robert Cromwell, though he was, by the countenance of his elder brother, made a justice of the peace in Huntingdonshire, had but a slender estate, much of his support being a brewhouse in Huntingdon.' He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Stewart, esq. of Ely, and widow of William Lynn, esq. and had surviving issue, Oliver, his successor. * * *

The education of this eminent man was at first entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Long, of his native town, but he was afterwards placed under the care of Doctor Beard, master of the free grammar-school in the same place, whence he removed to Cambridge, and entered Sydney Sussex College as a fellow-commoner, 23d April, 1616. Subsequently he is stated to have become a member of Lincoln's Inn, and to have given himself up to 'a habit of gaming, the juice of the grape, and the charms of the fair.' His career of intemperance was not, however, of long duration, for we find him before he had quite attained majority 'returning to Huntingdon, hearkening to the advice of his mother, attending divine service regularly in his parish church, renouncing his former vicious companions, and with them his extravagancies.'"

His future career is a portion of the History of England.

The Tyrwhitts of Nantyr suggest a brief selection or two:—

Sir Hercules, time of William I., "is stated to have thus acquired the surname of Tyrwhitt. Severely wounded in defending a bridge, single-handed, against numerous assailants, at the moment he had succeeded in forcing them to retire, he fell exhausted amongst the flags and rushes of an adjoining swamp, while the attention of his party, who in the interim had rallied, was fortunately directed to the spot where he lay by a flock of lapwings (or, as called in some counties, *tyrwhits*) screaming and hovering above, as is customary with those birds when disturbed in the vicinity of their nests. Camden, however, in his *Remains*, derives the name from the place so called. * * *

Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, Knt. of Ketilby, was one of the judges of the court of King's Bench, in the reigns of Henry IV., V., and VI.; his patents, four in number, are dated 8th Henry IV., 1st Henry V., 1st Henry VI., and may be found in *Calendarium Patentium, Turri Londinensi*. He is named amongst the '*Tireurs des Petitions*' to parliament either for England or Gascony and Aquitaine, for every parliament between 9th Henry IV. and 7th Henry VI. That the boldness of the feudal chief, however, strongly predominated in the character of this learned functionary over the meekness of the Christian judge, appears too evident by the following curious extract from Cotton's *Records*. '13 Henry IV., William Lord Rosse, of Famlake, complaineth against Robert Tirwhitt, one of the justices of the King's Bench, for withholding from him the manor of Molton Rosse, in Lincolnshire, and laying wait for the said Lord Rosse with the number of 500 men. Sir Robert Tirwhitt before the kynge confesseth his fault and craveth pardon, and offering to stand to by order of two lords of the kindred of the said Lord Rosse as they should choose, whereunto the kynge agreed, and the said Lord Rosse chose the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Grey, chamberlaine to the kynge, who made alone award leaving the right of common of pasture in Wragby in com. Linc. to the determination of Sir William Gascoigne, chief-

justice, and it was enjoined to the said Sir Robert Tirwhitt that at a day certain he should repair at Molton Rosse 2 tunnes of Gascoigne wyne, 2 fatt oxen, and 12 fatt sheepes, and offer reparation. And that he should bring together all knights, esquires, and yeomen, that were of his own, and that they should all confess their fault and crave pardon, and further offer to the sayd Lord Rosse 500 markes in money, and that the sayde Lord Rosse should refuse the money, graunt him pardon, and take his dinner only. The whole of the proceedings in this matter, from their commencement by the petition of William Lord Ross to the award of the arbitrators above mentioned, are recorded at great length in the rolls of parliament 13 Henry IV. The details are very curious, and throw much light on the manners of that day. The award is an object of particular interest to the philological antiquarian, as being almost the earliest specimen on record of English as a written language. This feud between the families of Rosse (or Roos) and Tyrwhitt continued up to the time of James I., who, on the occasion of several lives being lost on both sides in a casual rencontre during a hunting party, caused a gallows to be erected at Molton Rosse, near Belvoir, declaring that he would hang the first like offender on it. This gallows is said to be renewed from time to time, up to the present day, whenever it falls into decay."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Family Library, No. XLVII. Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland. (London, 1834, J. Murray.) The old saying, that there are two ways of telling a story, is more than verified by this charming little volume—it shews there are a round dozen, at least. The superstition—the legend, and the wild belief, are all interesting in themselves. But how completely are they made popular reading by their present popular form! These tales are the very perfection of story-telling; they abound in the quaint expression, the slight but vivid touch of description—the epithet equally odd and happy—and, to crown all, the perpetual tone of humour equally national and amusing. If this work more than realises the old saying, it also more than realises the old song—there are not only "two single gentlemen rolled into one," but three. For such a metamorphosis led the author himself account.

"The erudite Lessing styles a preface, 'the history of a book.' Now, though there can be no necessity for a preface in that sense of the word to the reprint of a work of mere whin, which has been nearly ten years before the public, yet a few words are requisite to prevent the present condensed and revised edition from being considered an abridgement. However compact may be the mode of printing adopted, the act of compressing into one volume the three in which the *Fairy Legends* originally appeared, involved to a certain extent the necessity of selection, perhaps the most difficult of all tasks judiciously to perform; but the following statement will shew the system proceeded on. Forty tales descriptive of Irish superstitions now appear instead of fifty. All superfluous annotations have been struck out, and a brief summary at the end of each section substituted, explanatory of the classification adopted, and in which a few additional notes have been introduced, as well as upon the text. It is therefore hoped that this curtailment will be regarded as an essential improvement; some useless repetition in the tales being thereby avoided, and much irrelevant matter in the notes dispensed with, although nothing which illustrates in the slightest degree the popular Fairy Creed of Ireland has been sacrificed. At the same time, the omission of a portion of the ten immaterial tales will sufficiently answer doubts idly raised as to the question of authorship."

We perceive innumerable little improvements and corrections scattered through the pages, and quote a new and curious story, which shews how general is the belief in the Cluricaune—a sort of Irish elf, no better than he should be, but of great reputed riches, much coveted by his neighbours.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place in an Irish court of justice, upon the witnesses having used the word *Leprochaune*.—*Court.* Pray what is a *Leprochaune*? the law knows no such character or designation. —*Witness.* My lord, it is a little counselor-man in the faeries, or an attorney that robs them all; and he always carries a purse that is full of money; and if you see him and keep your eyes on him, and that you never turn them aside, he cannot get away, and if you catch him he gives you the purse to let him go, and then you're as rich as a Jew. —*Court.* Did you ever know of any one that caught *Leprochaune*? I wish I could catch one. —*Witness.* My lord, there was one. —*Court.* That will do."

We commend this very curious and entertaining collec-

tion to all readers—at or about Christmas; or, upon second thoughts, that is too long to wait; it is the very thing for a long November evening.

Every Family's Domestic Medicine Book; or, The Whole Art of Health, &c., by Wilson Buchan, M.D. Edited by Felix Cline. 12mo. pp. 70. (London, Griffiths.)—A *résumé* upon a subject of all others on which people seem most easily pleased with the quality of the advice that is given to them. It is utterly impossible that we can in any way countenance a system of book-making, in which not only the material of other persons' works is converted into a cheap form, but their names even used on the title-page in a manner that would lead to the supposition of their being concerned in the publication.

The Substance of a Lecture designed as an Introduction to the Study of Anatomy, considered as the Science of Organization, &c. By Thomas King, M.D. Pp. 30. (London, Longman and Co.)—Such is our opinion of the method and the philosophy which belongs to the French school of anatomy in the present day, that to be well versed in it is to us an introduction of a highly professional caste. Had Dr. King no other claims than the advantages of education which have been at his command, we should have looked upon him as a fit successor to the eminent Joshua Brookes; but he is further well known by several admirable treatises on operative surgery, and we can only say the present lecture meets our anticipation. We sincerely hope that his labours in his new class will be particularly devoted to the diffusion of a taste among London practitioners for those details which have rendered, on the continent, a knowledge of animal organisation one of the most extended and philosophical fields of modern science.

The Horse: being a Collection of Weekly Papers just completed on that Noble Animal. 8vo. pp. 314. (London, Hammet and Co.)—We have recently noticed this collection of papers favourably. In their complete form there are some disadvantages of arrangement, the same subject being continued in different numbers; but this is more than compensated for by the straight-forward honesty of purpose, which, whether assumed or not, certainly characterises the advice given so freely throughout the work. There is a professed dislike of every thing that is unfair in matters concerning horse buying, and judgments given; and there are even some pointed remarks upon the folly of supposing that because a man has spent his life in a stable, he should on that account be more intimately acquainted with the diseases of that noble animal; "as well," says our author, "might a man from dusting the case of a clock, without ever seeing its works, pretend to more knowledge than the maker." These are useful truths, and will not be the less felt for the homely language in which they are conveyed.

The Book of Family Worship, by the Editor of the "Sacred Harp." Pp. 240. (Dublin, 1834, Wakeman.)—A small manual of prayers for daily use, selected from the best authorities. It is of a most portable shape, and well deserves our recommendation.

The Sacred Harp. Pp. 269. (Dublin, 1834, Wakeman.)—Some very exquisite poetry is here collected; and the names of Montgomery, Hemans, and Bernard Barton, are among its benamers. Like its predecessor, it is prettily bound, and moreover ornamented with a portrait of Milton.

Herbert's Sacred Poems. A new edition. Pp. 243. (London, 1834, Washbourne.)—A very pretty little edition of a most favourite poet of ours. Quaint, yet earnest—mingled conceits with singular simplicity; the slight volume is like the rose it describes—it has a "world of beauty hid in its sweet leaves."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Fourth Meeting, Edinburgh: Journal.

No. III.

AFTER two weeks' dosing our readers with science, or rather with a scientific panorama of what in a mixed sense may be so called, though intermingled with the *quibusdam aliis*, we trust we shall be thanked (this week) for being short—for reasons assignable. In Edinburgh we became almost ashamed of our note-book and learned appearance. The little boys in the streets began to smoke us, and cry, "There is another *skawwawang*," which, though perfectly euphonious in Scotland, is startling to a modest southern ear, like ours.

But "skawwawang," or scavans, or any thing else, we shall in this No. defer particulars, and especially particulars published in the usual Edinburgh journals, and wait in the hope of being able to afford more information than the mere routine of sectional agenda could give. In order to do this, a more complete view than we can yet take is necessary. *Ad interim*, we insert the detail of the chemical and mineralogical section.

Chairman.—Dr. Hope; Deputy Chairmen.—

Dr. Dalton, Dr. Thomas Thomson; Secretaries.—Professor Johnson, Dr. Christison.

9th September.—The recommendations of the chemical committees of the former meetings of the Association were then read over and severally considered.

In regard to the specific gravities of the gases, Dr. Dalton stated that he was not prepared with any results on this subject in a state to be laid before the section.

Dr. Turner made some remarks on his experiments on atomic weights, published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of London," and on the conclusion he had come to, that the atomic weights of bodies cannot be represented by whole numbers. On this subject a discussion of some length took place, in which many members took part.

Mr. Johnston and Mr. Harcourt gave an account of the state of the experiments they have respectively undertaken, on the comparative analysis of iron in the different stages of its manufacture, and on the effects of long-continued heat.

In regard to the gravity and specific gravity of mercury, Dr. Thomson stated that he believed the mercury as imported into this country to be pure, and that he believed the determination of the specific gravity of mercury, as given by M. Cavendish, to be correct, as it agrees with that of Mr. Crichton of Glasgow, lately deduced from a very great number of most careful experiments continued throughout a whole winter.

Dr. Daubeny, on the subject of the seventh recommendation, viz. an inquiry into the nature and quantity of the gases given off from thermal waters, and the effects of season and other circumstances on them, referred to his late paper in the "Philosophical Transactions," of which he gave an account, and announced his expectation of continuing his researches.

Mr. Low made some observations on the products collected in the chimneys of smelting and other furnaces, and promised some further remarks on the recommendation of the chemical section of last year relative to that subject.

10th September.—The chemical section proceeded to consider the recommendations of the sections of the former meetings, having reference to mineralogy and crystallography.

Mr. Whewell made a communication on the progress of the inquiries entrusted to Professor Miller on the forms of crystals, and to the committee appointed to examine the subject of isomorphism. He stated that the German chemists and crystallographers are ardently engaged on this important subject. In regard to the properties of substances similar in constitution and form, he directed the attention of the meeting to the important fact, that the optical properties are often very different in substances considered to be of the same species. And on this subject reference was made to the case of topaz, on which some discussion took place, chiefly on the observations made on the relations of their optical axes at different temperatures.

A paper was read by Dr. Charles Williams on a new law of combustion. In this communication the author shewed, that many organic substances exhibited in a dark place, a pale lambent flame similar to that exhibited by dry phosphorus, when heated in the air to a temperature below incandescence, (as low as 300°), and that flame bursts out into that known to attend ordinary combustion when plunged into oxygen gas. This feeble combustion commences in organic substances when

vapours begin to be evolved. This feeble flame has little heating power, and passes to ordinary flame by a rapid transition, accompanied by a feeble detonation. Some metals, as zinc and potassium, shew the same phenomenon, though of shorter duration, probably from the formation of a coating of oxide. As a practical result from his observations, he remarked on the danger of many manufactures, as those of soap and candle making, in which vapours are driven off from organic substances, and this low combustion actually goes on during the whole process of manufacture.

Dr. Daubeny next brought before the meeting the economical employment of coal-tar in connection with water as fuel, according to the method just suggested by Mr. Rutter. A discussion then arose as to whether the water in this case acted chemically or mechanically, or both, in facilitating the combustion of the tar.

Mr. Mackintosh stated, that by repeated experiments he had found, that coal-tar gave no more heat when burned than an equal weight of *spirit* coal, the kind preferred, where a long continued heat is required. Mr. Low also stated, that from long experience he could affirm, that the use of water along with coal-tar was productive of no benefit whatever, and that 3 gallons, or 33 lbs. of coal-tar, give an equal amount of heating effect fully to 40 lbs. of coke, made from the Newcastle coal of the Hutton seam. From the discussion on this subject, which was protracted for some time, it appears to be established, 1st, That tar may be used as fuel, but that it does not give much more heat than the same weight of the best coal. 2d, That when mixed with water, it flows more easily through tubes, but does not appear to evolve more heat than when used alone.

The next communication was an abstract of the discoveries of Reichenbach, in regard to the products of the destructive distillation of organic substances. In this paper Dr. Gregory detailed the properties of Paraffin, Eupron, Kreosote Pitta Calle and Picamare, and Kapnomare, and exhibited specimens of several of them. He also made several observations regarding the more common products of destructive distillation, and stated that several of these substances are found in the naphtha of Rangoon; the petrine found by Dr. Christison in that substance, being the substance afterwards named Paraffin by Reichenbach. After a short discussion regarding the products of the distillation of caoutchouc, the meeting adjourned to Thursday 11th, at 11 A.M.

11th September.—The Chemical Section met at 11 A.M., Dr. Hope in the chair.

Mr. West gave an account of his experiments on bar-iron, shewing that when dissolved in muriatic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen was given off from bar-iron of the best quality; shewing that sulphur is present as a deteriorating substance in most malleable irons; and he suggested that the quantity of sulphur in such irons should be determined more accurately. On the mode of ascertaining this point, some discussion arose.

A notice by Sir David Brewster was then read, regarding a large specimen of amber from Ava, intersected by thin layers of carbonate of lime.

Mons. Van der Foor next gave a determination of the amount of water in crystallized sulphate of zinc. The total amounts to 7 atoms, of which 6 are given off at 110° C., the other atom remaining as a necessary constituent of the salt. From this result he concluded that sulphates, which at a red heat give off sulphuric acid, contain an atom of water as an essential constituent. On this subject some discussion

arose, and Dr. Clarke stated, as a general law, that when salts effloresce, they always form compounds containing a definite number of atoms of water, which compounds may be obtained regularly crystallized by submitting solutions to evaporation at different temperatures.

Some considerations were then submitted by Mr. Johnston on chemical notation, which gave rise to a discussion, in which many members of the section took part. The result was, that the subject of notation was referred to the Committee of the Section, with the view of introducing into this country an uniform system of notation.

A model of a spirit of wine lamp of considerable power, by Mr. Trevelyan, was exhibited. After which a paper was read by Mr. Henry Hough Watson, on the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of the town of Bolton and the country around.

His results were, in 10,000 parts:—

	Max.	Min.	Mean.
In the country, [19 observations]	4.74	3.89	4.135
In the town, [19 observations]	8.62	4.19	5.30

He could not discover any connexion between the variations of its quantity, and season, and weather, as suggested by De Saussure. The method adopted by Mr. Watson to determine the point, did not appear, however, entirely free from objection. In the course of the discussion which arose, Dr. Thomson stated as his opinion, that the difference in the results obtained at different times, and by different experimenters, arose from errors of experiment.

An extract of a letter was then read from Professor Hare of Philadelphia, suggesting the propriety of appointing agents in the different ports to assist the members of the Association in communicating with foreigners. It was also stated by the Secretary, that an able report had been received from Dr. William Henry on the present state of our knowledge regarding contagion, which was too long to be read at the present meeting.

An analysis of the oxychloride of antimony or crystallized powder of Algaroth by Mr. Johnston, was then read, after which the meeting adjourned to Friday the 12th, at 11 o'clock.

12th September.—The chemical section met at eleven A.M.

The Secretary announced that a set of standard thermometers by the first makers in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow,—one of which had been compared with the standard thermometer of the observatory at Paris, are at present placed by the Royal Society of Edinburgh in the hands of the Council of the Association; and that an opportunity will be afforded to the members of the Association to compare their own thermometers with these, during the week after the close of the meeting, on application being made to the secretaries of the chemical or physical sections.

Mr. Harcourt then described the objects of the experiments now in progress under his superintendence, for determining the effect of long continued heat on various mineral substances, and the various methods adopted by him in disposing them beneath the iron furnaces of Yorkshire.

Dr. Clarke gave an account of Mr. Nixon's process for smelting iron by the aid of the hot-blast, and exhibited numerical results of the advantages derived from the new process. The saving is so great that the total amount of coal now necessary to produce one ton of iron amounts only to 2 tons 14 cwt., whereas formerly it required 8 tons 14 cwt., being a saving

of 5 tons 8 cwt. for each ton of iron produced. This subject was discussed at considerable length.

Dr. Christison then gave an account of some observations in regard to the action of various waters on newly burnished lead, and of some practical results deducible from them relative to the use of lead in the construction of water-pipes and cisterns, and the manufacture of carbonate of lead.

A communication was then read from Sir David Brewster on the optical characters of minerals, which gave rise to considerable discussion.

Mr. Graham gave an account of an investigation made by him into the constitution of certain hydrated salts. He stated that he had found, that certain salts of sulphuric acid which crystallise with 5, 6, or 7 atoms of water, contain 4, 5, or 6 of these as water of crystallisation, which are expelled at or below 212° under atmospheric pressure, and at 60° in vacuo: that one atom is left as essential to the constitution of the salt: that this remaining atom of water is expelled by a stronger heat, and is in general recovered on exposure of the anhydrous salt to the air; and that in every instance of a sulphate so constituted, the essential atom of water may be displaced by sulphate of potash, which, in the proportion of one atom, occupies the place of the expelled water, constituting a crystallisable sulphate, with a double base and six atoms of water of crystallisation. The salts possessing these properties are the sulphates of zinc, iron, nickel, manganese, copper, lime, magnesia, cobalt.

Some applications of these and other facts were made by the author to the doctrine of Isomerism, which led to a long and interesting discussion between Drs. Dalton, Thomson, Turner, Clarke, and Professor Johnston.

Mr. Kemp next gave an account of a paper on a new mode of liquefying the gases, by which they may be obtained more easily, and in much larger quantity. He detailed the properties of several of the gases in the liquid state, illustrating more particularly the independent bleaching power of chlorine, and sulphuretted hydrogen when in a state of liquid, the relation of some of the condensed gases as conductors of electricity, and the phenomena resulting where the condensed gases are brought in contact with one another, as well as with other substances.

The Section then adjourned till the 13th at half-past ten A.M.

13th September.—A communication from Mr. Fox was read on the electro-magnetic condition of mineral veins, and the Section agreed to recommend the continuation of these experiments.

Professor Stevelli explained the construction of a new vernier, and its application to Dr. Wollaston's scale of chemical equivalents.

Some observation on Leslie's hygrometer, by Mr. Henry Hough Watson, were then read by the secretary.

Mr. Johnston gave a notice of the results of a paper he communicated to the Section, on the dimorphism of the sesqui-iodide of antimony.

Mr. Low exhibited some interesting products of gas flues and retorts, and of long-continued heat.

Dr. Gregory and Dr. Christison exhibited a series of specimens of organic compounds; after which the Section adjourned.

After the ordinary of Saturday, all the *Literati* seemed to scour off as fast as possible, to make way for the political dinner of Monday;

and assuredly no two affairs could be more distinct. What the Highlands of Scotland may have suffered in consequence, we know not; but, like the rest, we shall try to get upon a high hill, a Ben Ledi, or a Ben Lomond, or a Ben Voirlach, or a Ben Venue, or some other of the Bens, and afford our readers an astonishing view of all above, beneath, around.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

23^d 9^h 34^m—the Sun enters Scorpio.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Virgo	2	11	9
☾ First Quarter in Sagittarius ..	9	4	0
○ Full Moon in Pisces	17	4	26
☾ Last Quarter in Cancer	25	4	28
● New Moon in Libra	31	20	7

2^d 21^h—the Moon in perigee. 16^d 22^h—in apogee. 31^d 9^h—in perigee.

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Virgo	2	15	40
Mercury in Virgo	3	4	10
Venus in Scorpio	5	16	31
Uranus in Aquarius	11	23	46
Jupiter in Taurus	21	3	26
Mars in Gemini	23	23	4
Saturn in Virgo	30	8	13

Lunar Occultations. 7^d—the Moon will occult δ Ophiuchi; immersion, 5^h 40^m; emersion, 6^h 53^m. 8^d— α Sagittarii; immersion, 6^h 25^m; emersion, 7^h 38^m. 28^d— γ Virginis; immersion, 16^h 25^m; emersion, 17^h 22^m. 2^d 3^d 46^m—Mercury in his descending node. 3^d—in conjunction with δ Virginis; difference of latitude, 12'. 12^d 7^h 3^m—in aphelion. 21^d—in conjunction with γ Libræ; difference of latitude, 16'.

7^d 4^h—Venus in conjunction with δ Scorpii. 11^d 10^h 29^m—greatest eastern elongation. 46^d 51'. 12^d—in conjunction with σ Scorpii; difference of latitude, 20'. 25^d 7^h—in conjunction with α Ophiuchi. Venus is an evening star, and will be seen to advantage towards the close of the month.

3^d 5^h—Mars in conjunction with ϵ Geminorum. 23^d 23^h—with δ Geminorum. This planet as a telescopic object exhibits a gibbous phase.

11^d—Vesta 13' south of γ Tauri. 27^d—in conjunction with δ Tauri; difference in declination, 1° 20'; the planet south of the star. 24^d—Juno about 3° north of δ Sagittarii. Pallas and Ceres are too near the Sun to be visible.

Jupiter is in the forehead of Taurus, between the star in the northern horn and Aldebaran. This planet rises at the following times respectively:—1^d 8^h 3^m, 13^d 7^h 23^m, 25^d 6^h 36^m.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, immersion ..	7	14	39
	9	9	6
	14	16	39
	16	11	0
	21	18	25
	23	12	54
	25	7	22
	30	14	48
Second Satellite	7	17	53
	18	9	51
	25	12	29
Third Satellite	13	9	39
immersion ..	13	11	43
emersion ..	20	13	26
immersion ..	30	15	44
emersion ..	27	17	25

7^d 1^h 10^m—Saturn in conjunction with the Sun, consequently invisible.

Uranus between Aquarius and Capricornus, near μ , a star of the fifth magnitude in the latter zodiacal constellation.

Detford.

J. T. BARKER.

FINE ARTS.

MR. THOM'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE, OLD BOND STREET.

PERHAPS no productions of the chisel ever acquired popularity so suddenly and extensively as Mr. Thom's statues of *Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnny*, when they were originally exhibited in London four or five years ago. This proceeded from several causes,—their excellence, their being the performance of an untaught artist, and their belonging to a class of art, the qualities of which are appreciable by every body. These statues were followed by companion statues of the *Landlord* and *Landlady*; but, although the latter possessed great merit, yet, whether the charm of novelty had fled, or from what other cause it happened we know not, certain it is, that the impression which they made upon the public was by no means so strong as that which had been achieved by their predecessors.

Pursuing, however, very wisely, the same walk of art, Mr. Thom has just opened an exhibition of statues of *Old Mortality* and his *Pony*; executed with so strict an attention to accuracy, from Sir Walter Scott's description in the first series of "Tales of my Landlord," that we can in no other way give our readers so complete a notion of them as by quoting a passage from that description:—

"An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anatomised the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet, of unusual dimensions, covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddengrey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggings*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him fed among the graves, a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvass pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing that he might have occasion to carry with him."

The gravestone on which *Old Mortality* reclines, is, we understand, an exact copy of one in Ayr-Moss, which was placed there in memory of the martyrs, and which is inscribed with their names. He is represented as having suspended his operations for a moment; and, having thrown down his mallet and other tools, as looking up to answer the inquiries of some curious passer-by. An open Bible, with the verse from Proverbs, "The memory of the just is blessed, the name of the wicked shall rot," lies near him. The figure is easy and well-proportioned, and the countenance expressive, exhibiting that hardness of feature and character which powerful and inveterate prejudices of any kind, and more especially of a religious kind, are calculated to produce. The texture of the flesh, and of the different articles of dress, has that imitative quality by which Mr. Thom's former works were distinguished; and, like them too, the material of the statue

is a grey freestone. The hue of the pony, who is regarding his venerable and enthusiastic master with a look of more than animal intelligence and affection, approaches to white.

In an adjoining apartment, Mr. Thom is at present engaged in modelling a figure of Dr. Nichol, the Willie of Burns's celebrated song:—

"O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam to see;"

which will form one of a group of the three good fellows (the other two being Mr. Allan Masterton, and the poet himself,) whose festivity that song commemorates. The head of Dr. Nichol is finely marked; and the face, which is full of kindness and pleasantry, reminds us of our worthy old friend Jack Banister.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

It is stated in the public journals that, in addition to the improvements now making in Westminster Hall, the exterior is to be made more uniform by building a south wing. The range of old buildings which formed part of the court of Queen Elizabeth, namely, the Duchy Court of Lancaster, the house occupied by Mr. Rickman, clerk to the House of Commons, the Exchequer Bill Office, &c., are to come down. It is intended to construct, in the new wing, two courts, one for the master of the rolls, the other for the judges who may form the Court of Review. These improvements, suggested in the first instance by Lord Farnborough and the committee of taste, will greatly increase the beauty of the ancient structure, and carry into effect the original design of extending it much beyond its present limits to the south.

POETRY.

The Blind Flower-Girl's Song.*

Buy my flowers—Oh buy—I pray,
The blind girl comes from afar;
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps—
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
To see the young things grow so fair:—
She weeps—for love she weeps
And the dew is the tears she weeps,
From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the lov'd rejoices;
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,
I stand by the streams of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the lov'd forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy:—
Hark! how the sweet things sigh,
(For they have a voice like ours)
The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses—
We are tender, we sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night;
From the grasp of the blind girl free us;
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day!—
Oh buy—Oh buy the flowers!

The Coronation of the Loves.*

The merry loves one holiday
Were all at gambols madly,
But loves too long can seldom play
Without behaving sadly.
They laughed, they toyed, they romped about,
And then for change they all fell out.

* From "The Last Days of Pompeii."

File, file! how can they quarrel so.
My Lesbia—ah, for shame, love!
Methinks 'tis scarce an hour ago
When we did just the same, love.

The loves, 'tis thought, were free till then,
They had no king nor laws, dear;
But gods, like men, should subject be,
Say all the ancient saws, dear.
And so our crew revolved, for quiet,
To choose a king to curb their riot.
A kiss—ah! what a grievous thing
For both, methinks 'twould be, child,
If I should take some prudish king,
And cease to be so free, child!

Among their toys a casque they found,
It was the helm of Ares;
With horrent plumes the crest was crown'd,
It frightened all the Lares,
So fine a piece was never known—
They placed the helmet on the throne.

My girl, since valour wins the world,
They chose a mighty master;
But thy sweet flag of smiles unfurld,
Would win the world much faster!

The casque soon found the loves too wild
A troop for him to school them;
For warriors know how one such child
Has, aye, contrived to fool them.
They plagued him so—that in despair
He took a wife the plague to share.
If kings themselves thus find the strife
Of earth unshar'd, severe, girl;
Why just to halve the ills of life,
Come, take your partner here, girl.

Within that room the bird of love
The whole affair had eyed then;
The monarch hailed the royal dove,
And placed her by his side then;
What mirth amidst the fives was seen,
'Long live,' they cried, 'our king and queen!'
Ah! Lesbia, would that thrones were mine,
And crowns to deck that brow, love!
And yet I know that heart of thine,
For me is throne enough, love!

The urchins thought a milder mate
Their king could not have taken;
But when the queen in judgment sat,
They found themselves mistaken.
The art to reign she'd learnt above,
And ne'er was despot like the dove.
In thee I find the same deceit;
Too late, alas! a learner!
For where a mien more gently sweet?
And where a tyrant sterner?

SONG.

From *Barnes's Musical Illustrations of the British Poets*,
By SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The Seals.

You've changed the seal, you've changed it thrice.
You first implied you loved:
How welcome was the dear device,
A thousand kisses proved.
Your next was Love; it spoke the flame,
Yet scarce so plain, methought;
I kissed it, wishing it the same
Your first sweet letter brought.
The second change was change indeed—
'Twas friendship—come to this!
And did I kiss the seal? I did;
But 'twas a farewell kiss.
The third—nor love nor friendship there!
Indeed, love's dream should end
As coldest, stranger, better far,
Than lover turned to friend.
No kiss I gave that seal; no name
Of thine still dear it bore;
The signet whence the impress came
Perhaps a rival wore.
I smiled to think it so 'twas strange,
And have such cause to sigh;
How could'st thou, fairest creature, change?
Alas! why cannot I?

DRAMA.

Nothing is soon said,—and nothing is all
that we have to say. During the past week,
there have been no new actors, no new plays,
not even a new scene;—no straw for the
bricks wherewith to build up our columns.
However, coming events cast not their shadows
but their echoes before; and the "open Sesame!"
of the winter theatres is all but said. Among

* The sunflower.
† Though lost to sight, to memory dear.
‡ May the wings of friendship never moult a feather.
§ A crest without initials. [Mr. Knowles calls this the
"third," we count it as the fourth; but arithmetic is no
science for lovers or poets. However, after all, it is only
the third change.]

the new announcements is that of Byron's *Manfred*—a choice which seems to us singularly
judicious. There is in *Manfred* neither plot
nor dramatic situation. Its beauty and its
power are concentrated in the hero's long soli-
loquies. Retain these, and there is nothing but
exquisite poetry,—which may, or may not, be
exquisitely recited: omit them—and what is
left? Why, like the events for our dramatic
chronicle—nothing.

VARIETIES.

A Fowl's Hay-days.—The *Caledonian Mer-
cury* gives an account of a hen, who, having
deposited her eggs among some sticks, and
finding they had been removed during her
absence, disconsolately took up her abode where
she had left them. To add to her troubles,
three loads of hay were placed over her; but
upon its being removed six weeks afterwards,
she was still alive, though she had remained
"in darkness and without food the whole
time."

M. Marin.—This celebrated French scul-
ptor, well known by his statue of Tourville, and
other works of great merit, died last week in
Paris, at the age of seventy-one.

Cholera.—Among other announcements of a
like description, we see advertised Grimstone's
Eye-Snuff for the prevention of cholera. The
proprietor, we suppose, will not speak so highly
of his specific as to say it is "not to be sneezed
at;" and we should think any one who tried it
very likely to "turn up his nose" at the
remedy.

French Bull.—At the last assizes for the
department of the Eure et Loire, a man named
Ferrier, who was found guilty of incendiarism,
was sentenced to hard labour for life, and at
the expiration of his sentence to be placed
under the surveillance of the police.

"What nonsense," said the old highlander,
Captain G., "all this learning of languages!
I'd go over the world with one phrase out of
each. I travelled through France with "*com-
bien?*" and through England with—"How
much?"

The Wandering Jew.—The drama under
this name, now acting in Paris, seems taken—
at least the hint—from M. Edgar Quinet's
work bearing the same title. Death, however,
instead of Satan, is Ahasuerus' familiar friend,
personified as an old woman called *Mob*.
The novel is a thousand times more blasphem-
ous than the play. It ends by representing the
Almighty tired of superintending the affairs of
a world which have gone all wrong—and he
dies. The Saviour declares he sees no reason
why he should survive his father—dies too—
and the universe returns to its original chaos.
The romance itself is cast in a dramatic form;
and the dénouement is *Le Néant*.*

Rum Steak and Beef Steak.—"Two French-
men, on their return from London, compared
notes. 'Oh,' says Monsieur de la Chicorée,
'le bif rôti is charmant à London.' 'Oui,
yes,' replies Mr. Des Epinards, 'dat is vrai,
but je préfère de rum-teak.' 'Le rum-teak,
vat is de rum-teak?' 'Voyez-vous, it is tou-
jours de bif-teak, mais day call it rum-teak,
parceque day put de rum in de sauce.'—*The
Cook*.

Disconsolate Parents.—"An advertisement
appeared in a morning paper a few days ago,
respecting a young lady who had eloped, which
concluded as follows: 'She is most earnestly
requested to return to her disconsolate parents';

* A word impossible to translate—its meaning being
our nothing and annihilation blended together.

but if she will not return, she is earnestly de-
sired to send the key of the tea-chest!"—*Ibid*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual, edited
by the Rev. William Ellis.
Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1835, with
Poems by L. E. L.; several of which will be set to origi-
nal music.

A Prospectus has been issued of a New Scientific Jour-
nal, to be conducted by R. D. Thomson, M.D., assisted
by T. Thomson, M.D., &c. With regard to the scarcity
of journals devoted exclusively to the purposes of general
science, the editor remarks, "it is time for those who
are interested in the true glory of their country to bestir
themselves in support of the propagation of science, and
for the men of science of this country to subdue all petty
animosities, which are the bane of science, and to join in
union—a union cemented by the strongest tie of friend-
ship—the investigation of truth, for the nourishment
of that scientific taste which we sincerely trust is only
dormant, and requires merely stimulus to bring it to
light, and enable it to shine with all its former bril-
liancy."

In the Press.

The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.
Madame Pichler's historical tale of the Siege of Vienna,
forming the next volume of the Library of Romance.

The Country Town, being the fifth number of Social
Evils and their Remedy, by the Rev. Charles E. Taylor.

A new edition of Bent's London Catalogue of Books.
Friendship's Offering for 1835, with engravings after
celebrated paintings, by Chalon, Parris, Wood, Puser,
Stone, Barrett, and other eminent artists.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan.
The First Six Books of Virgil's *Æneid* literally trans-
lated, with numerous notes.

A new edition of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
The Van Diemen's Land Annual and Guide, for 1834.
Lieutenant Holman's second volume of his Voyage
round the World.

Mr. L. Gordon has in the press a work on Belgium and
Holland, giving an account of the late struggle at Brus-
sels, and a Sketch of the Revolution in 1830.

Hours of Thought, in prose and verse.
An entirely new system of Short-hand, entitled, One
Step further in Stenography, by Laming Warren Tear.

A cabinet edition of the Economy of Human Life, in
two books; by Robert Dodsley.
Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard; each stanza
illustrated.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A New Translation of the Holy Bible, from the original
Hebrew only, by John Bellamy, 4to. 16s. bds.—Pathologi-
cal and Practical Researches on Diseases of the Brain
and Spinal Cord, new edition, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—The
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traditions of the South of Ireland, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—
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Bladder and of the Urethra, col. plates, 8vo. 12s. bds.—
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matt, F.G.S. royal 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.—Theobald's Poor Law
Amendment Act, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Traits of Science and
Invention, by Barbara Willett, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Edinburgh
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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 18	From 43 to 73	30.45 to 30.21
Friday .. 19	.. 45 .. 73	30.47 .. 30.23
Saturday .. 20	.. 48 .. 75	30.26 .. 30.24
Sunday .. 21	.. 45 .. 70	30.22 .. 30.21
Monday .. 22	.. 53 .. 67	30.19 .. 30.11
Tuesday .. 23	.. 45 .. 61	30.12 .. 30.13
Wednesday 24	.. 42 .. 62	30.11 .. 30.05

Wind variable, N. prevailing.
Except on the 19th, 20th, and 23d, generally cloudy;
a little rain on the 18th, not measurable.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Faculty of Arts and Law. Session 1894-95. The Classes will meet, after the vacation, on Wednesday, the 15th of October, (instead of the 1st of November as hitherto.) The Rev. Robert Vaughan, Professor of History, will commence the business of the session by a Lecture on a branch of his subject on the former day, at 9 o'clock precisely.

Latin—Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.
Greek—Henry Malden, A.M.
English and Rhetoric—A. Blair, LL.D.
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History, Ancient and Modern—Rev. R. Vaughan, A.M.
Political Economy (to commence in February)—J. R. McCulloch, Esq.

English Law (to commence on the 3d of November)—W. G. Lumsley, B.C.L.
Jurisprudence—John Austin, A.M.
Mathematics—G. J. P. White, A.M.
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—Rev. Wm. Ritchie, LL.D.
Civil Engineering (to commence after Christmas)—Ditto.
Geography—Captain Maconochie, R.N.
Chemistry—Edward Turner, M.D.
Zoology—Robert E. Grant, M.D.
Botany (to commence on the 1st of April)—John Lindley, Ph.D.
Geology (to commence early in February)—Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley.
The Junior School meet on the 22d of September. Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University, and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookseller, 20 Upper Gower Street.
Council Room, Sept. 16, 1894. THOS. COATES, Sec.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.—Medical School.—Mr. North, Surgeon Accoucher to the St. Peter's Benevolent Lying-in Charity, &c. will commence his Lectures on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children, on Saturday, Oct. 4, at Half-past Two. For particulars apply to Mr. North, 90 Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square.

CLERICAL ELOCUTION.—Mr. RICHARD JONES is returned for the Season to his House, 14 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY, with Demonstrations and Dissections.—Mr. GREVILLE JONES will commence his Winter Course of Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, and the application of those Sciences to Pathology, on Thursday, October 23, at Half-past Two o'clock precisely, at the Charing Cross Hospital. Demonstrations, Dissections, and Examinations will be conducted daily by Mr. Jones and Mr. BENNET LUCAS in the immediate vicinity of the Hospital. The above Lectures having been prepared for the press some years ago, and in part printed, and having since undergone repeated emendation and improvement, it is presumed they may afford a body of elementary instruction commensurate with the demands of the age. The Lecturers will be constantly in the Dissecting-rooms and will particularly devote their attention to instructing the Pupils in practical Anatomy, in the performance of Operations on the Body, and in the Art of making Anatomical Preparations. Terms to the Lectures and Demonstrations, 12s. 12s. perpetual. Private Instruction may be obtained by Gentlemen preparing for Examination at the College, &c.
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